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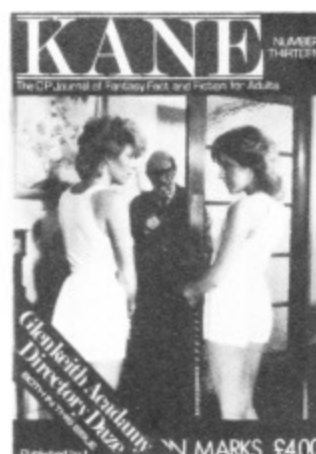
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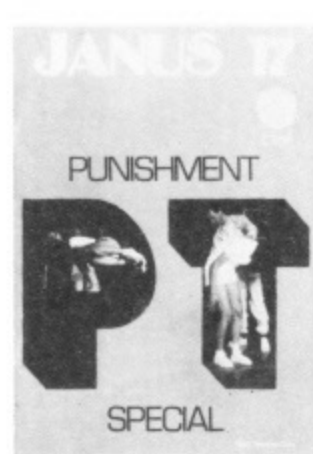
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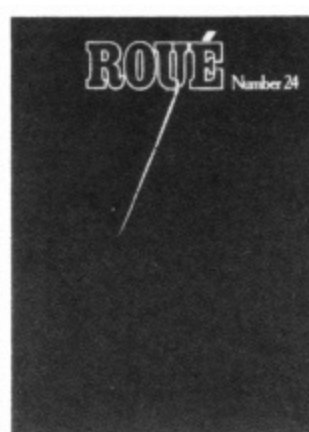
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# BLUSHES NUMBER FOUR

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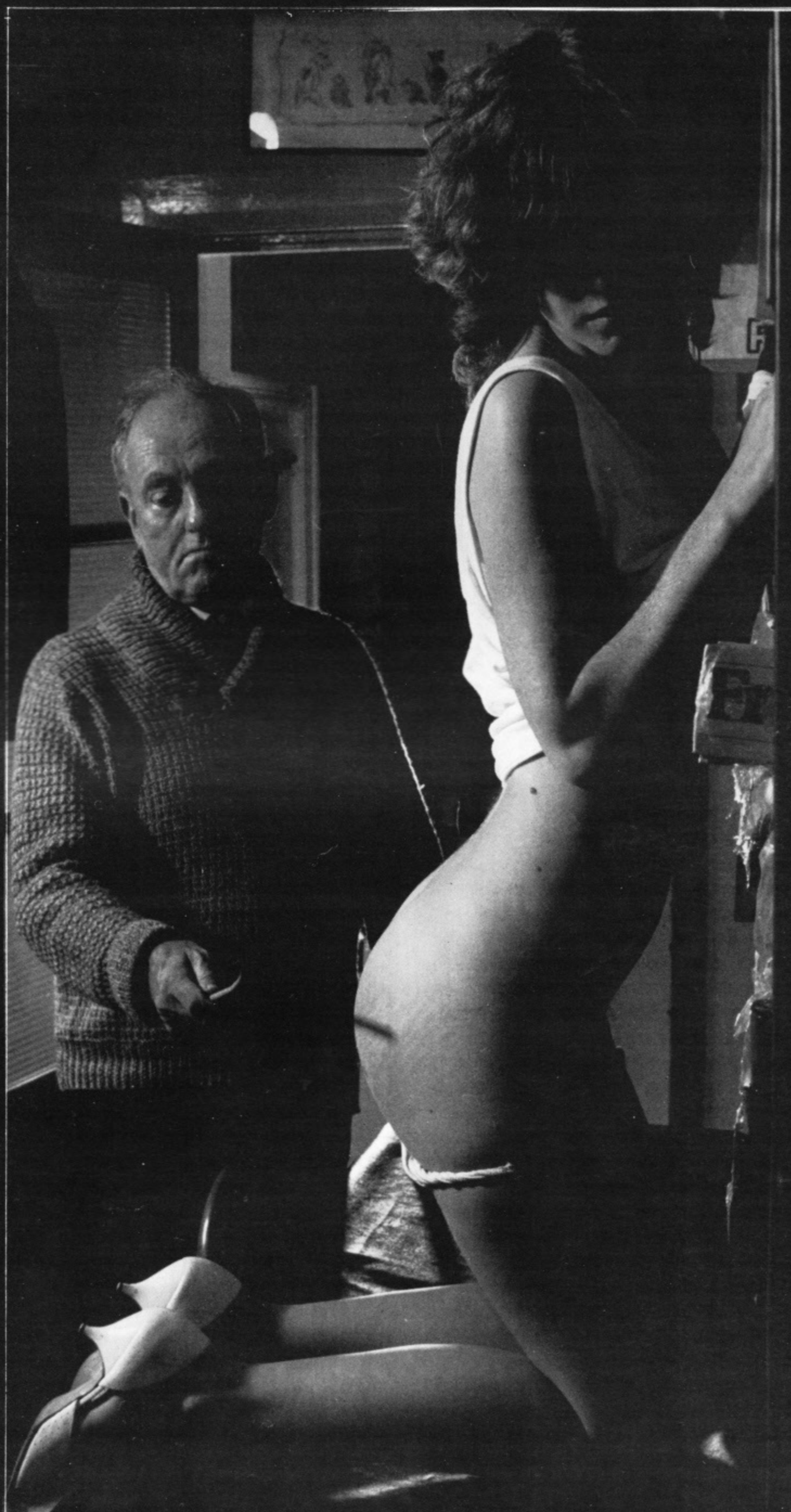
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# LOCAL POLITICS

On that first occasion Sandra's mother had been most indignant!

'What was I to say, Mr. Petty? A 'phone call telling me my daughter was a thief! I mean, I couldn't even tell him to sod off, could I - begging your pardon, Mr. Petty - I've known the man for years! Friends, you might say, and him good enough to give my daughter a job - and now this! You'll have to do something with her, Mr. Petty, you really will! What with her father at sea most of the time she's really got quite out of hand, she has. I've told her - "Mr. Petty'll have a thing or two to say about this my girl." I said. "Just you see if he don't! What you need is your backside tanned!" I told her.'

Mrs. Collins had sat on the edge of a chair in Mr. Petty's study and her frustration had continued to simmer just below the surface as she'd waited for her patient listener to confirm her in her view that the girl needed 'something doing with her!'

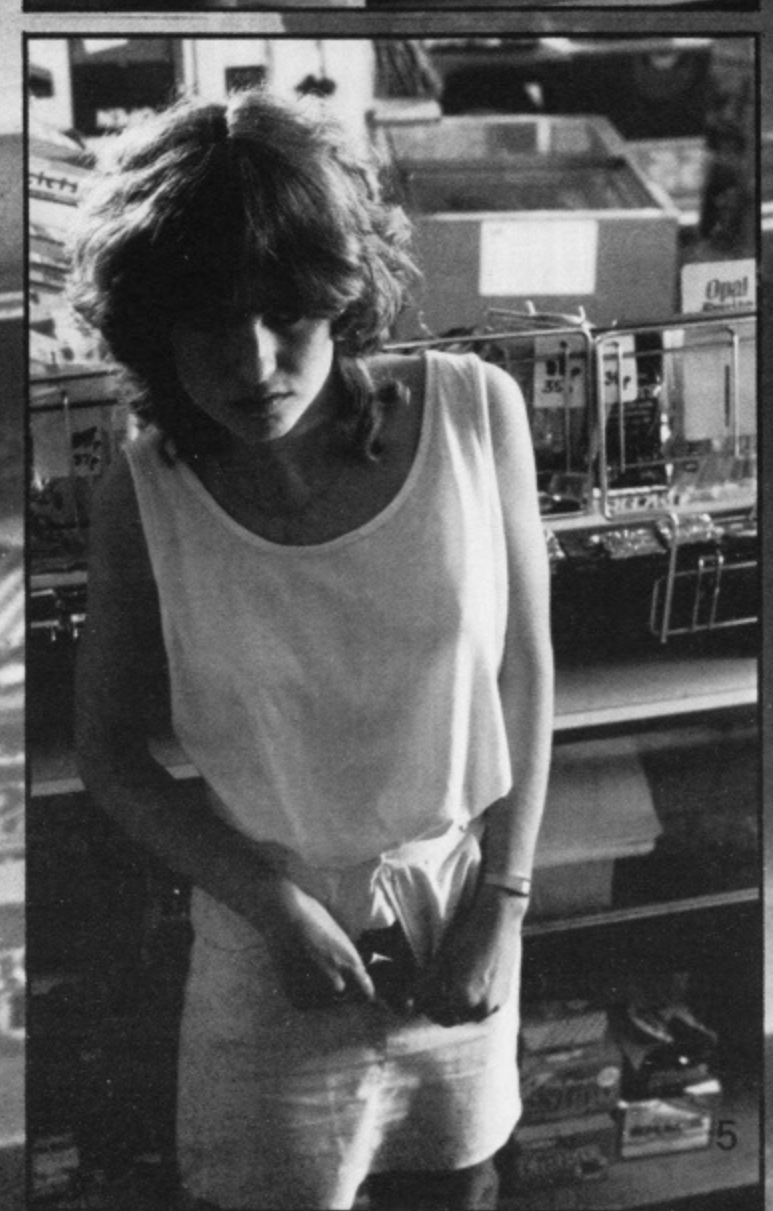
It had been a year or so ago, when he'd still been up at Westminster, that the woman had arrived on his doorstep demanding that he should 'use his authority' to influence her daughter away from the paths of what she'd called 'wickedness', trespassing on his time on the grounds that she'd met him once at a village fete and he'd complimented her on the refreshing quality of her home-made lemonade. Rashly he





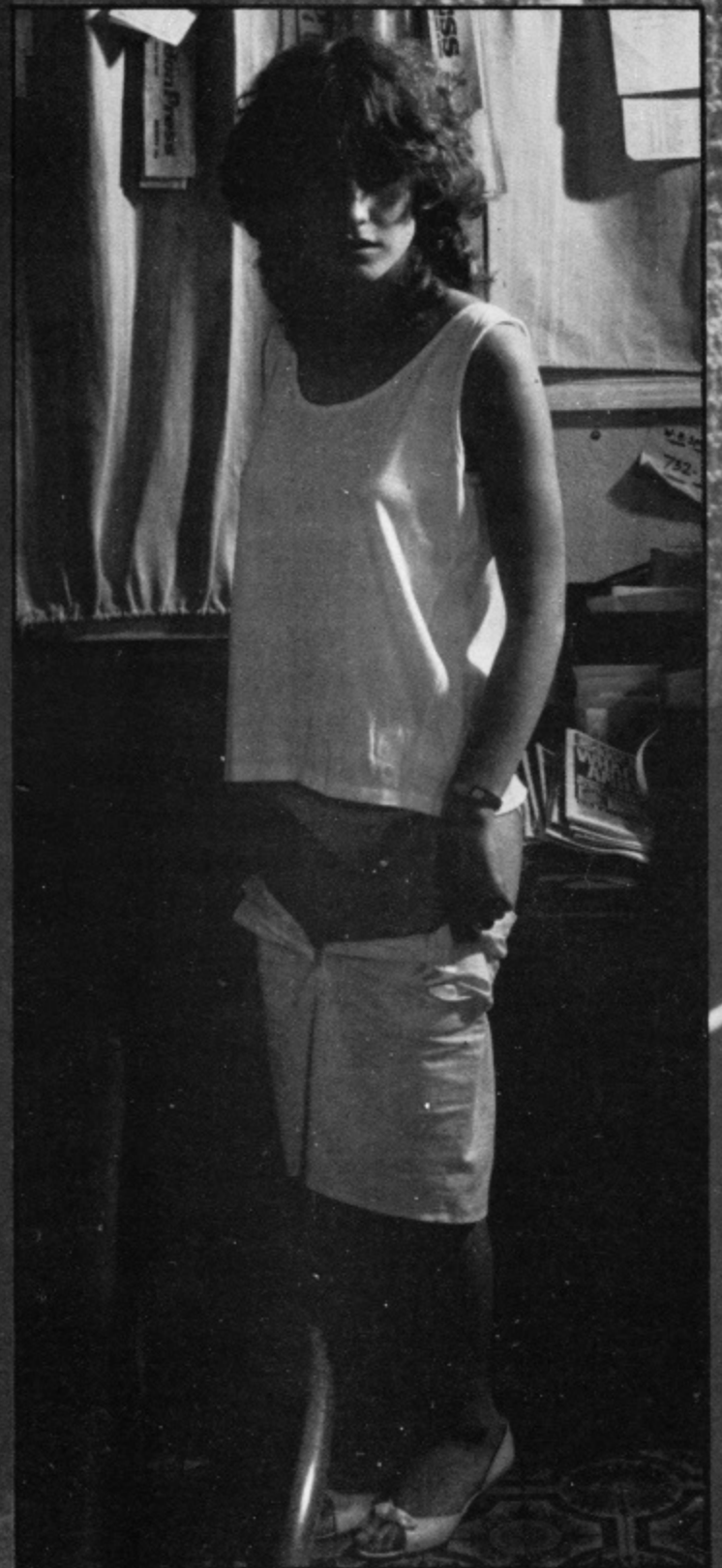


had agreed to speak to the girl, not because he'd imagined it would do any good but, in truth, only because the girl's mother had excited his imagination by the comment, 'What she needs is a good hiding, Mr. Petty, and I'd have respect for the man who'd give her one!' Foolishly – incredibly so – he had seen the girl, who had been startlingly pretty and had seemed not in the least like a girl whose 'wickedness' was likely to lead her into any kind of trouble at all. Taking leave of his senses, and risking what had then been a promising political future, he had called on Mrs. Collins a day or so later and over a cup of tea in the kitchen had declared his opinion that she had been perfectly correct in her assessment of the best remedy. She needed, he'd said, 'a good old-fashioned spanking', and in the seclusion of his study the following weekend that was precisely what he'd given the girl, though for the spanking he'd substituted a caning.





For three days thereafter he had woken each morning in a cold sweat, cursing his stupidity for having allowed his career to be ruined by a moment's lack of selfcontrol; and then Mrs. Collins had turned up first thing one morning!

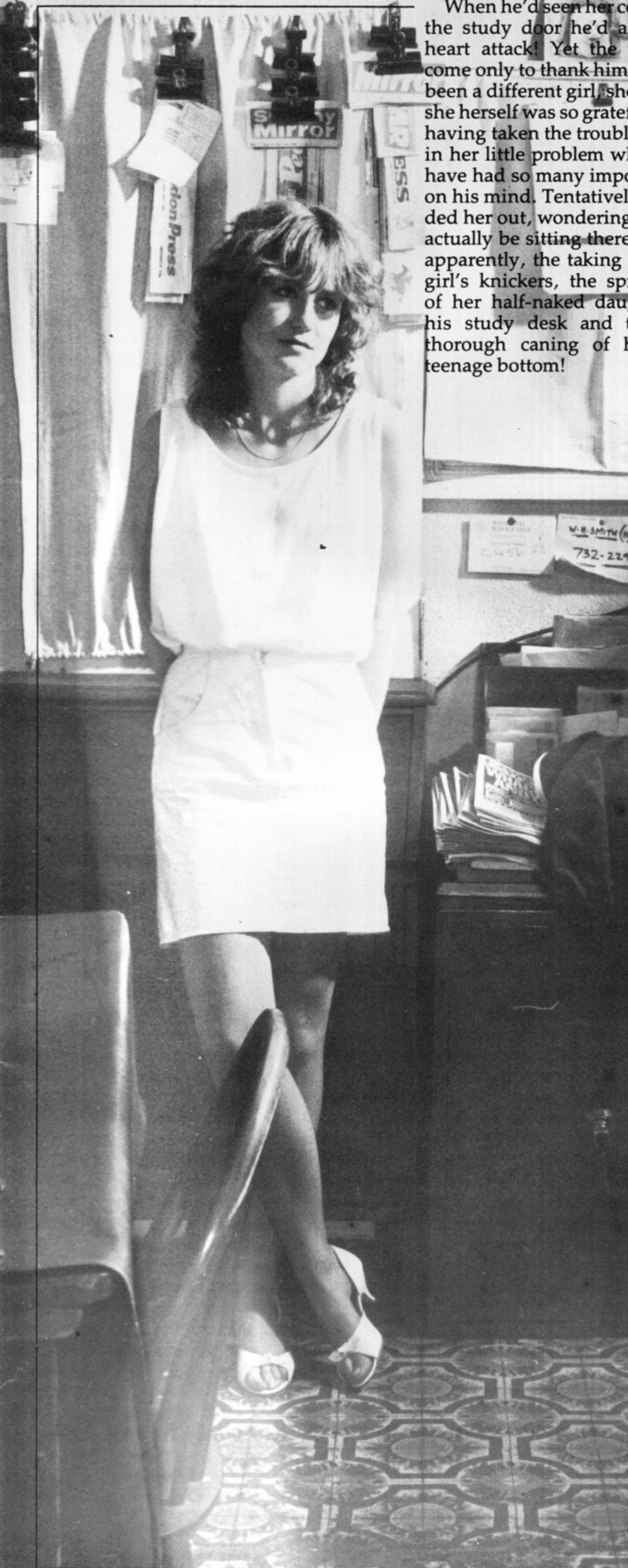




When he'd seen her come through the study door he'd almost had a heart attack! Yet the woman had come only to thank him; Sandra had been a different girl, she'd said, and she herself was so grateful to him for having taken the trouble to help her in her little problem when he must have had so many important things on his mind. Tentatively he'd sounded her out, wondering if she could actually be sitting there condoning, apparently, the taking down of the girl's knickers, the spread-eagling of her half-naked daughter across his study desk and the ensuing thorough caning of her helpless teenage bottom!

Slowly it had dawned on him that, incredibly, he was in the clear. She knew precisely what had happened, and although he could hardly believe it she was as pleased as Punch!

That had been a long time ago - even a week, they said, was a long time in politics. Since then he had lost his parliamentary seat and had been obliged to go back to running the family business until the time should come when he might stand again and, hopefully, be re-elected. But, although the electors had deserted him, Mrs. Collins hadn't, and Sandra's moral welfare was something he had gradually assum-





ed responsibility for over the past twelve months. The only fly in the ointment had been that damned newsagent the girl worked for on Saturdays. He had cautioned Mrs. Collins about it since, of course, but she'd been foolish enough to report to the agrieved party on that first occasion, the newsagent from whom the five pound note had originally been stolen, that her M.P. had brought his influence to bear and there would be no repetition of the trouble. Sandra had innocently, though no doubt shamefacedly, confirmed her mother's claim, and had incidentally allowed every little detail to be wormed out of her in the process. The newsagent had, apparently, declared that he'd have done the same thing himself had he realised Mrs. Collins had such a sensible attitude to these things! All might have rested there had not Sandra proceeded to get caught filching a second five pound note barely a month later! Nothing had been said to Mrs. Collins by the newsagent, nor, understandably by





Sandra, but the girl's knickers had come down in the back room of the shop and she'd got a second dose of what she'd had at Mr. Petty's hands, and had been given others since for exactly the same reasons. It seemed that after all the girl was prone to 'wickedness' when it came to other peoples' money.

It went somewhat against the grain to have to share Sandra's moral education with some grubby tradesman but there had been nothing to be done about it. At least, there hadn't seemed to be, but now, with Sandra due to leave school in a month or so, it had occurred to Mr. Petty that the girl wouldn't need a Saturday job if she could be found proper full-time employment, and who else would be better placed to keep an eye on the girl in her first job than the man to whom her mother had brought her in the first place! He hadn't mentioned it yet, but Mr. Petty had a plan in mind, and young Sandra wasn't going to have any trouble finding employment at the end of term!





For the present though, plans to extricate Sandra from the news-agent's tacky-fingered clutches can be sublimated to the immediate prospect of obliging the girl's mother, for the fourth time in six weeks, by 'dealing' with her errant daughter. Mr. Petty leans back in his squeaky swivel chair and considers how best – and incidentally how most enjoyably – to discharge this obligation. He softens the tone of his voice with a quiet hint of understanding, coaxing the girl to confide in him.

'Now then Sandra – perhaps it's time you told me about this business of 'missing the last bus home on Friday night.' He crosses his legs as though making himself comfortable with the intention of paying the closest possible attention to what the girl has to say. In fact she has little enough to offer by way of excuse.

'Er – well, I just sort of missed it, Mr. Petty.' She lets her head incline a little downward as though well aware of the insufficiency of her answer.

'You "just sort of missed it". And that's all you have to say, is it Sandra?' She swallows nervously; he watches her pale face until she looks up again. 'Nothing more to say?'

'It – it just wasn't there when I got to the stop. It had gone.' She glances down at the floor and mumbles, 'P'raps it was early or something.' He gazes absorbedly at the close-fitting snugness of her brief yellow shorts where they slip between her legs at the apex of her thighs. It is perfectly possible to discern the faint involution of her pubic cleft under the thin cotton; he watches the tight ruckles pull new, revealing tensions in the shorts as she shifts uneasily from one foot to the other, her hips tilting as she fidgets uncomfortably.

'I see.' He recrosses his legs the other way; Sandra's tongue peeps out between her lips for a moment as the feeling of tension mounts in the silence which follows that condescending 'I see'.

'Do you understand why your mother would be concerned that you should go out to a disco in the village, possibly meeting people there whom she mightn't like you to become too friendly with – boys, for example – and then not come home until – what was it – half past twelve?'

'Y-yes – I knew she'd be worried.' There is a smudge of dirt on her knee, and another on one of her pale yellow ankle socks. Her sandals bear faint traces of mud on their thin white straps. 'But I don't – um – I







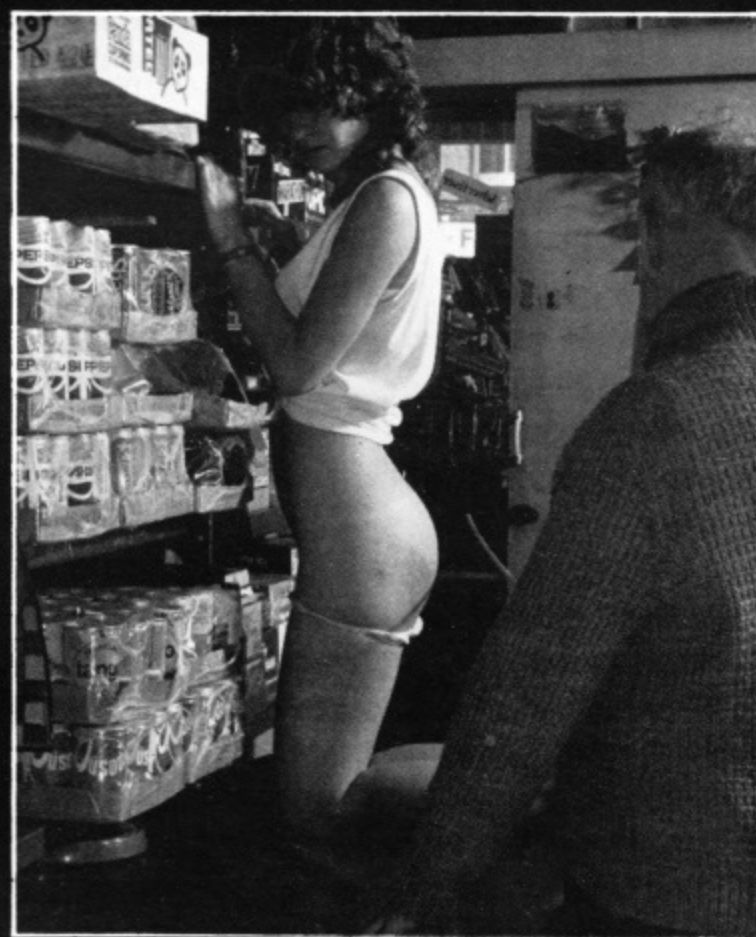
don't have anything to do with people she wouldn't like - 'Her legs are sun-tanned, warm-toned against the cool yellow shorts. From her plump little mound where it bridges the satin-sided space between the very tops of her inner thighs, the shorts incline upwards towards the outside of her legs at an angle of perhaps thirty degrees, giving her a long-legged look.

'Then why didn't you telephone? Wouldn't that have been the sensible thing to do?'

'I - I just didn't think - 'Her tee-shirt is French navy blue, without sleeves. The tops of her bare arms are as tanned as her legs. Her breasts push discreetly under the thicker cotton, their nipples faintly traceable.

'Thoughtlessness is one of those which have to be punished, Sandra.' Her fingers pluck fitfully at the edge of the leg of her shorts. 'Isn't it, my dear?'

'I - I s'pose so - ' When he makes her bend across the end of the desk her shorts will pull up close around the roundness of her young buttocks. The division of her bottom-







cheeks will be highlighted by the tightness of the centre seam and the up-angled legs will cut up more sharply and leave parts of her buttocks bare below their lower edges.

'Yes - I suppose so too -' He'll be able to follow the line of her knickers up across each cheek, shadowed under that taut yellow shorts, 'I think you'd better bend over the desk, Sandra, don't you?'

She licks at her lips again, and now there is a suggestion of pink in her cheeks. Her eyes are wide and anxious.

'For the strap. Don't you think your thoughtlessness deserves a good strapping, Sandra?'

'Y-yes -'



'Bend over then -'

From the side he sees the shorts ride up a good two inches, creasing delicately along the side seam. That sweet, smooth-skinned undercurve of her buttocks where the majority of the strokes will go - nicest there, where she'll feel them later when she sits down - is left bare. The skin there is more delicately sun-kissed, paler than her legs yet without any definite edge to the tan, simply shading out of dark into light. That paler, tender-looking underneath plumpness will pinken at first as the strap's knowing fingers seek it out. Then the hot crimson stripes with their sharply-lined edges and their darker, more painful tip-shapes will well up rapidly, eagerly, as starts to gasp and then to sob when the second and third and fourth strokes visit those bared, vulnerable little places. He is pleased with those shorts, bought purely speculatively with no clear idea whether they would be right or not, the intention being to have her change into them when she arrived after lunch on this Sunday afternoon while she did an hours penance in his garden, sweeping up leaves while she had a while to think about her coming punishment. The whole of her outfit looks perfect on her - he thinks he might buy her a few more things now he knows her size.

There - now then, kneel up properly!





'Lift up –' She pushes her bottom up and back, tightening the close fit of the shorts still more. He'll give her half-a-dozen across those shorts, being sure to see that the strap lands on those nice bits as well, then he'll have her take them off and her knickers down – they're white and rather brief, and he was pleased with them too as he made her stand there in the middle of his study and put them on when she changed earlier for her gardening stint.

'Feet apart, please.' A little of the fullness comes back into her buttocks as she puts her feet about eighteen inches apart. 'Hands in the middle of your back.'

He'll give her those first few, then perhaps another dozen on the bare – enough anyway for her to show her mother when she gets home – and then he'll take those little knickers right off and have her spread herself a little more, and then – well, some things don't show, do they, not like strap marks on a girl's bottom!

Mr. Petty's chair squeaks a last time as he gets to his feet and opens the drawer where he keeps the strap.









# THE INTERVIEWEE

Greenglade School  
Chesingfield

Dear Henry,

Regarding the substance of your 'phone call last week, I think I can recommend a couple of girls, and one in particular, who will be leaving at the end of this term and will no doubt be seeking employment.

If you would like to cast an eye over them, I dare say I shall be able to make the usual arrangements given a few days notice in which to engineer their falling foul of some rule or restriction in order to provide myself with an excuse. May I ask you to observe the utmost caution, this time, with regard to whom you mention these matters to. A gentleman arrived the other day, unannounced, using your name by way of introduction and quite boldly offering money to be allowed to witness what he called the "whipping" of one or other of the girls. I had to send him away at once, naturally. Please be discreet, Henry, or we shall all be in hot water.

Kindly don't forget those cuttings you promised; the gardens are looking somewhat bereft of colour this year and I should like to have the gardner put some life into them without going to too much expense.

Your affectionate sister,  
Cicely.



The cubby hole into which Cicely had thrust him was a sizable, triangular cupboard built across the angle of two walls in the corner of a room which was connected to her study by a half-glazed door. The cupboard smelled of chalk and old books, and was indeed part-full of both, the chalk in boxes on the shelf above his head, the books in a pile behind him in the very apex of the triangle. He had managed to wangle a rickety chair through the cupboard door so that he could sit down rather than crouch as he had on other occasions, which was no good at all for one's back. He tried out his knot-hole for height and found he still had to bend forward and downward to see; still, it was better than the crouching. Distantly, beyond the partly open study door, he heard Cicely's voice, brisk and business like, then the soft murmur of another, younger, voice.

This must be the first of Cicely's 'recommendations'. Henry strained his eyes in the gloom of the cupboard to read the note, the 'cast of players' which was to be his guide to the several little dramas about to be played out.

"Carol Liskeard" he read. "Sixteen and four months". There was no other information. Impatient to catch a glimpse of the girl, excitement making his throat dry in the dusty atmosphere inside his 'priest hole', Henry risked a quiet clearing of his throat, trusting that it would not be heard in the study. A moment's more conversation, and then suddenly there she was! "Good Lord!" Henry whispered, almost too loud.

She looked absolutely delightful! Henry could feel at once that he was going to need to make certain adjustments in the underpants department. Why on earth Cicely still insisted on her pupils wearing skirts which would have raised more than an eyebrow even back in the nineteen-sixties he couldn't imagine, but he had no intention of lodging any objections. If the girl's skirt came more than three inches lower than the gusset of her knickers he'd have to revise his ideas on feminine anatomy. Her legs were bare from the knees up, and there was a lot of 'up', and bare too down to her ankle socks. Her skirt's grey pleats nipped in at her waist over softly curved hips which promised a plump and spankable bottom; her blouse, which was white and relieved by a diagonally-striped school tie, was filled in the right places by breasts which seemed to have discovered



the secret of levitation, so uplifted and pert was their presentation of themselves. She was blonde, honey-eyed, warm kind of blonde, with big blue eyes which followed Cicely's face unblinkingly, anxiously, at every instant. So appealing was this picture of old-enough-for-it (just about) schoolgirlishness that the finishing touch of shiny black strapped shoes was almost painful in its completion of the perfection. Henry closed his eyes but the girl was still there. Her timid, worried voice made him look again.

"M'am - kn-knickers down, m'am?" she was saying, and the way she stumbled over the word 'knickers' and the dubious, little-girl look of apprehension on her angelic young face was quite excruciatingly arousing for Henry in his cupboard.

"Have I ever slipped your insolent bottom any *other* way?" Cicely cooed malevolently, and the girl's cheeks pinked as she stuttered "No-no m'am" and reached at once for the fastening of her skirt.

Henry blinked - perhaps it was chalk dust - and then there she was, skirt magically removed, her young hips cuddled in soft navy knickers which dived irresistible little creases between the very tops of her thighs to outline the full, pouting succulence of her pubes and to torture Henry with imaginings of what must be beneath that close blue knicker material. Before he blinked again - it *must* have been chalk dust - the girl had pulled hesitantly and then resignedly at the waistband of her pants and then they were stretched across the tops of her legs and she was walking directly towards him, her skirt in her hand, with Cicely saying "Hang your skirt up" unnecessarily, because plainly the girl had been in this punishment room before and knew that skirts were to be hung on the hook on the cupboard door.

Henry had the impression that the girl must have stood on tip-toe to reach, but anyway the close proximity of the top line of her pubic hair at the base of her belly translated itself into an upward-stretching lift and there was daylight between the soft, satin-looking inner sides of the very tops of her thighs, with the unseen onlooker's nose a bare three or four inches away, pressed against the other side of the cupboard door. The tantalisation of that secret, tender, moist-looking place translated itself by a swift rotation to a close-up glimpse of bare, bouncy bottom cheeks as the girl turned to face her



headmistress. Henry imagined that he could almost *feel* the warmth of that naked femininity through the panelling. Then she was moving away, her slightly side-to-side walk bobbing her bare buttocks together, their weighty resilience making them tremble faintly with each pace.

A chair was produced from outside Henry's field of view, and placed at an angle to his hideaway such that when the girl was put across its back he would have a three-quarter view of her impudent young bum.

"Bend over!" She did, the muscles at the backs of her legs tight and shapely, the fullness of her bottom cheeks curving up and over so that the crease line beneath them disappeared, her black shoes neatly together at the heels, one white sock a fraction lower than the other, her

knickers tenaciously clinging still to the tops of her legs, with just enough of a space between the white insert of the knickers and the demure peeping of her no-longer-so-secret little place to allow another glimpse of daylight between the inward/outward soft curves of the extreme upward limits of her inner thighs.

"M'am? Please m'am?" she sounded frightened and apologetic – but mostly frightened. "M-may I go to the toilet, m'am?" Perhaps it was simply a piece of theatre, but the girl slid one knee behind the other with a slight bend of both legs, looking back and upwards plaintively and the faint wiggle of her bottom as she asked her question suggested that her need was indeed rather pressing.

"No" said Cicely, loftily, and perhaps she had enough experience of knickers-down slipperings to know that a girl's sudden plead to be excused had more to do with the proximity of that shiny-soled and well-used implement of chastisement to her naked, helpless bottom than it had with physiological necessity. Right or wrong, the girl's headmistress weighed the gym slipped in her hand for a moment and then with a 'Splatt' which rang round the little room, brought it down wickedly hard across the helpless, waiting buttocks. Henry caught himself wincing, when the girl's bottom shivered, squeezed its cheeks together, then jerked convulsively sideways as her knees bent, all, so it seemed, in a fraction of one long, painful, exhilarating, cock-twitching second!

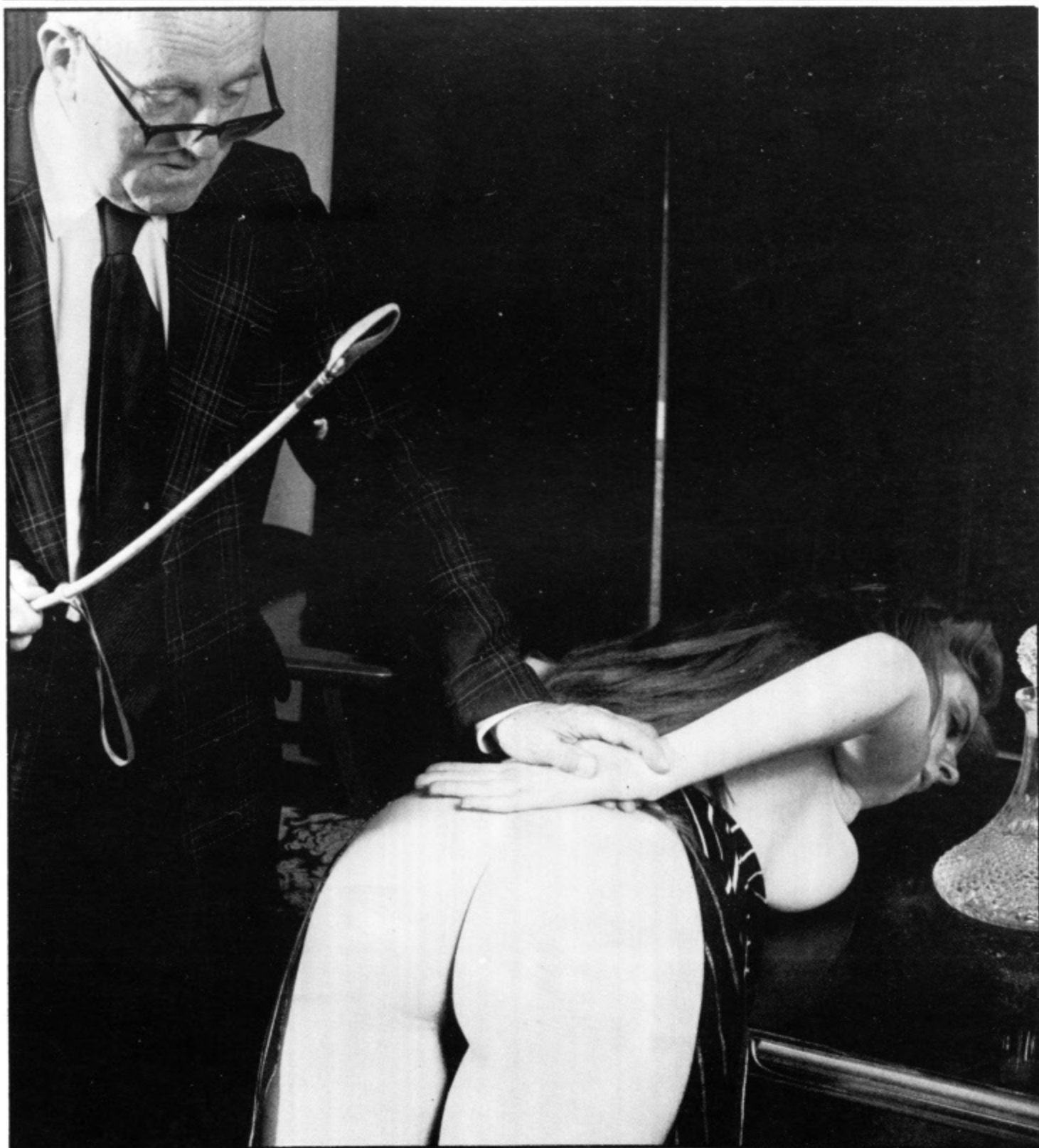




# A PROMISING START

Wandering idly down the columns of the financial Times, for want of some other occupation that might convey an impression of patient unconcernedness as to the predicament which his youthful assistant presently found herself in, Henry listened keenly nevertheless, and not without amusement, to the girl's *sotto voce* imprecation as she struggled with the zip of her skirt, which had chosen this most inconvenient of moments to stick fast. Out of the corner of his eye he followed her mounting exasperation as she tugged fiercely at the tab, getting steadily pinker in the face and more brutal in her assault on the zip by the minute, and all without result unless one counted the expression of flustered pique on her face and the breast-enhancing *deshabille* of her pale yellow blouse, occasioned by her having wrestled the hip-situated fastening of her skirt part-way round her waist in the course of her battle with its unhelpful zip.

One good look at Amanda's boisterously-provided young body – and anyone might have been forgiven for taking such a look, or even a second one – would immediately have absolved the zip from all blame in the matter of its non-cooperation; in attempting to perform its designed function it clearly had been working in an over-strained capacity and had quite blamelessly become the weakest link in the tightly-stretched skirt's task of clothing the girl's hips. 'Plump' might have been the word that sprang to mind to describe Amanda's lower anatomical bestowal, yet had the notion of plumpness implied any measure of oversizedness then 'plump' would have been an inadequate description; Amanda's body owed its exuberant contours entirely to the firm-fleshed blossoming of youth and its appearance of being too full for the charcoal grey skirt only to the dictates of the particular fashion which the girl followed, precociously aware of yet apparently indifferent to the enervating effect that tight-bummed skirts on well-shaped bottoms could have on gentlemen with a liking for the smackable ends of young office girls.







At last, though only after a frustrated whisper which started with an indefinite consonant and ended with an 'uck', Amanda gave up. A week ago Henry would have winced at what he thought she'd said – now he merely smiled behind his newspaper. Polite, helpful and well-brought up though she was, and despite the fact that the use of such a rude word less than a month ago would have earned her a detention and a bare-bummed slipping from the headmistress of her boarding school, Amanda occasionally let slip the odd word which contrasted earthily with the respectable reality of her excellent education, and these slips of the tongue, pronounced as they were with a middle-class inflexion and a suggestion of school-girlish naughtiness, taken together with the rather un-middle-class bounciness of her breasts and the working girl sauciness of her bottom, tempted one to think of her as a clergyman's daughter \* who had somehow grown up to be a sweet and paradoxically naive little tart. Henry did allow himself a slight lift of his eyebrows though, which the girl caught as she looked up guiltily as she realised what she'd said. To cover her lapse, or perhaps to attempt to excuse it, she blurted out plaintively:

"Sir – its stuck, sir! I can't make it work at all!" She still fumbled with the fastener but without enthusiasm, her blouse rucked up and a bottom button undone, a strand of hair adrift across her forehead.

"Tut-tut. Come here..." Henry's purposely indulgent tone, his quiet chuckle of paternal amusement at the fruitlessness of Amanda's efforts to undress herself – really, one would have thought that at *her* age – encouraged Amanda to affect a childish pout as she came with a deliberate show of hesitation to his knee, a purposely juvenile gesture no less appealing for its lack of sophistication, tried on, no doubt, in the hope that it might elicit a little sympathy for a girl who really didn't want to have her bottom spanked, not again, please sir, and doubly arousing by its wideness of the mark. For of course, if there was anything calculated to enhance the pleasure of spanking an office girl's bottom, it would be the suggestion that despite her attempts to appear grown-up she was still, underneath, a schoolgirl who could pout at the mention of smacked bottoms and make rueful faces when told to take her knickers down in order to facilitate the chastisement of her bum.



His enjoyment of this little ritual already heightened therefore by the girl's ill-judged attempt at the art of coquettishness, Henry coaxed her to stand between his knees so that he could study the problem at close quarters, turning her with a hand at either hip until she was sideways

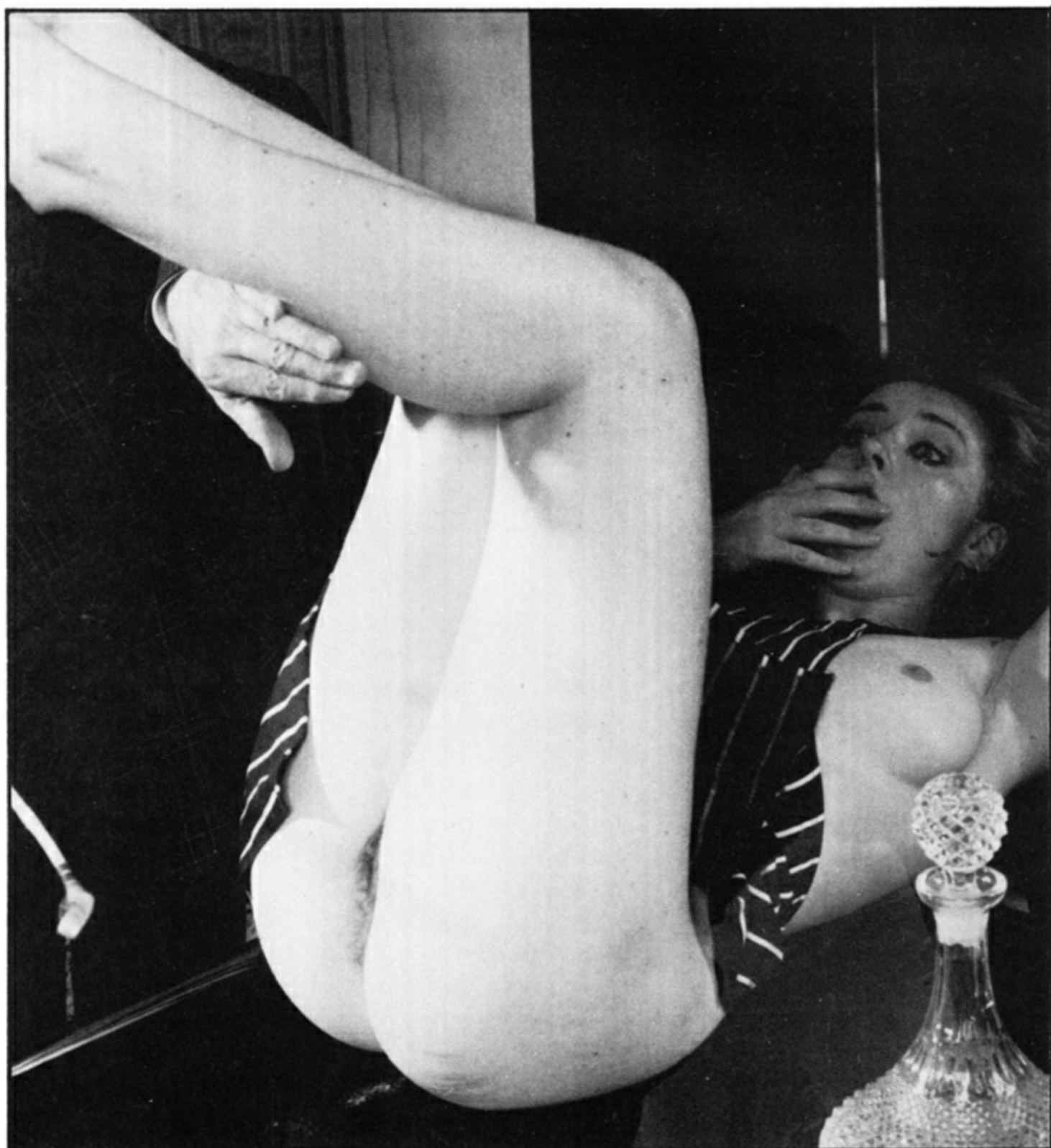
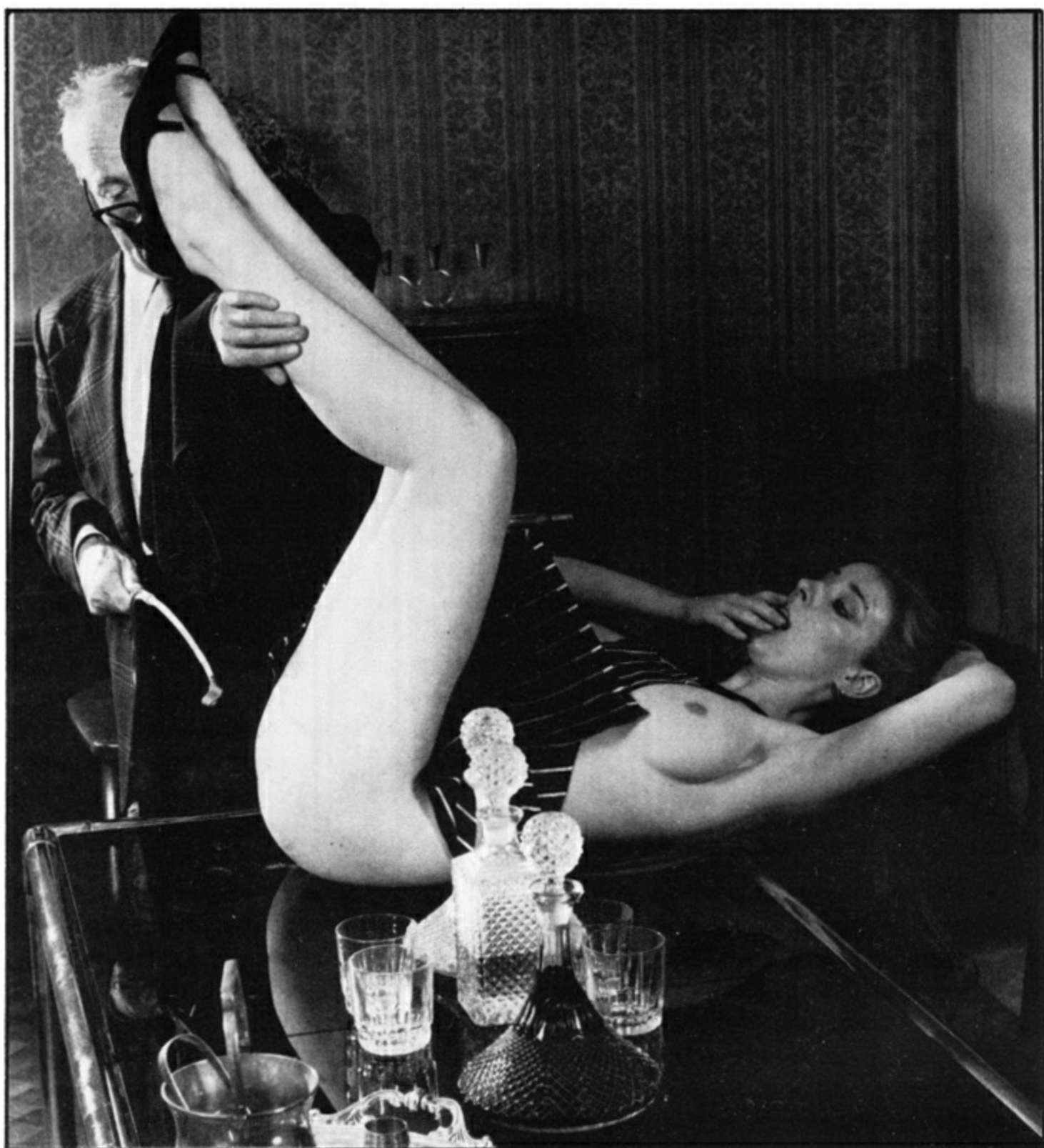
on, and brushing her own hand aside as she said, "See, sir...!" and pulled petulantly at the tab to demonstrate it's stuck-fastness.

Henry perceived at once that the zip was beyond the scope of cunning to dislodge; several teeth were now missing and others were bent out of line – brute force alone would serve. Undismayed at the prospect of having to rip the girl's skirt off – it wasn't quite so dramatic as that, of

course, but the notion was still attractive – Henry dithered over undressing his assistant whilst he left hand took the opportunity to slide confidently down the inward-sloping curve of her tummy to the point where the tightness of the skirt across the front of her thighs just barely allowed knowing fingers to discover the beginning of the plump swell of her pubic mound under the material, his other hand meanwhile traversing the pert cheekiness of her buttocks and discovering the faint tactile trace of her knickers cutting up diagonally







across her bum-cheeks under the tight grey cloth. The underlying touch of warm girl-flesh begging mutely to be undressed and rendered nakedly accessible to the chastising hand prompted him to pat the firm weightiness of those cheeks whilst Amanda pouted the more and risked a plea that she shouldn't be spanked *please* sir, because she really hadn't been *very* naughty and it made her bottom so sore, sir, all of which, though he affected merely to ignore the girl's protestations, simply excited Henry's enthusiasm for the feel of hot, well-spanked buttocks under his palm.

One carefully-managed pull at the weakened stitching parted zip from skirt; in the vee-shaped split which opened a hint of bareness and the stretch of yellow nylon knickers across smooth skin encouraged immediate investigation. Prising Amanda's fingers from their nervous grasp of the skirt's waistband, Henry tugged it down over her hips, tight-fitting as it still was, and a bit of bare tummy appeared below her suspender belt before her hands came reluctantly to his assistance. Amanda's help wasn't really needed, and she only did it anyway as a gesture of compliance that belied the anxiety tweaking emptily in her belly. Another determined tug and the skirt pulled down off her hips, taking her knickers with it by reason of its close fit around her bottom and upper thighs. Her suddenly exposed pubic hair was hidden instantly behind a hand as the girl realised the extent of her nakedness and groped unsportingly with the other hand for her knickers.

"No, no, no -!" He chided her patiently and slapped the back of a thigh by way of emphasis. "They've got to come down anyway," he said, and looked up into her flushed face. "Haven't they, Amanda? Hmm?"

"Er y-yes sir..."

"Turn round" She turned, her hips warm under his hands, her skirt slipping to the floor and her bottom-cheeks, huddling petulently together above the pulled-down stretch of her knickers, wobbling with an inconsistent firmness as he slid her pants down to mid-thigh level. "Come along now..."

There being no point in delay, he turned her sideways again and tipped her across his left knee; there being no point either in haste, he let her arrange herself across his knee, with wriggles of her hips and faint pants as she lifted herself a little this way and slid a bit that way, until at last she had settled nervously over



his thigh. He crossed his free leg over the backs of both of hers, bending her so that with her weight chiefly on the far side of his thigh, her bottom was pushed out nearly and provocatively and in just the right place for a leisurely spanking to be applied to it.

"Hands!" She reached back with her hands, putting them together behind her back so that they could be held well out of the way of the spans which were about to be applied to her bottom, restive as he patted her helplessly proffered cheeks and complaining uncertainly as several of the play-pats turned out to be more like smacks and some of those proved to be spans-in-earnest, and *then* didn't she make a fuss! More playful slappings, a downward readjustment of her mid-thigh knickers and then two more of those bum-stinging spans, one applied determinedly to each cheek. Amanda wriggled, bouncing her hips on her boss's leg, and whimpered fearfully that those really *hurt*, sir!

"Deary me," sympathised Henry, and spanked her a second time just as hard, again one on each cheek.

"Ooow! Oooh-oooo!" Amanda squirmed unhappily and more of the I-like-the-feel-of-this-little-bottom pats teased the tender bits of her bum where the real spans had landed.

"Please sir - please don't, not too hard - *please!*" More pats, a hefty spank or two, resumed protests from the gasping Amanda, more cheerful, teasing slaps just to keep her nervous bottom skittishly animated, then another two or three good, hard spans.

Ten minutes slipped pleasantly by, though those same minutes were more than a little fraught for the young office girl, whose composure was entirely undermined by the unpredictable arrival of those real bum-tweaking spans; but Henry enjoyed himself enormously.

After fifteen minutes, with Amanda now not exactly weeping but not exactly not weeping either, with her bottom trembling under the lightest of pats, swerving convulsively away with every medium-weight slap and jerking spasmodically whenever one of the really meaty spans arrived, Henry paused for a moment's reflection, felt tempted to give her the thorough, no-nonsense spanking she'd never had as yet, settle for a couple more of the good hard spans that made her squeal and then told her, as patronisingly as







ever, to stand up and dry her eyes and to stop being silly or he'd give her some more!

Sheepishly the girl scrambled to her feet, her cheeks flushed and her knickers slithering embarrassingly to her feet as she groped for them at her knees.

"I'm not *crying*!" she blurted defiantly, though they both knew that that was a situation which another half-dozen good, hard spanks would have altered without any trouble at all.

"Show me your bottom," said Henry, conversationally.

"No," said Amanda, though she backed away as she said it.

"Show me your bottom, Amanda."

The girl's tongue peeped briefly in nervous defiance from between

her lips. She edged a little further away as she realised that perhaps she shouldn't have done it, then reluctantly she turned her bottom for him to see, keeping one eye on him over her shoulder the while. A tear, which no doubt she would have hotly denied had he teased her about it, rolled down the flushed freshness of a cheek. He smiled. There would be plenty more tears from *this* young lady on Saturday night – she wouldn't be standing in the middle of the circle pretending that she wasn't crying *then*! Her only hope was that the committee might realise she had more to offer than a spankable young bottom; he would have to have a word with Alfie and see if he could fix it.

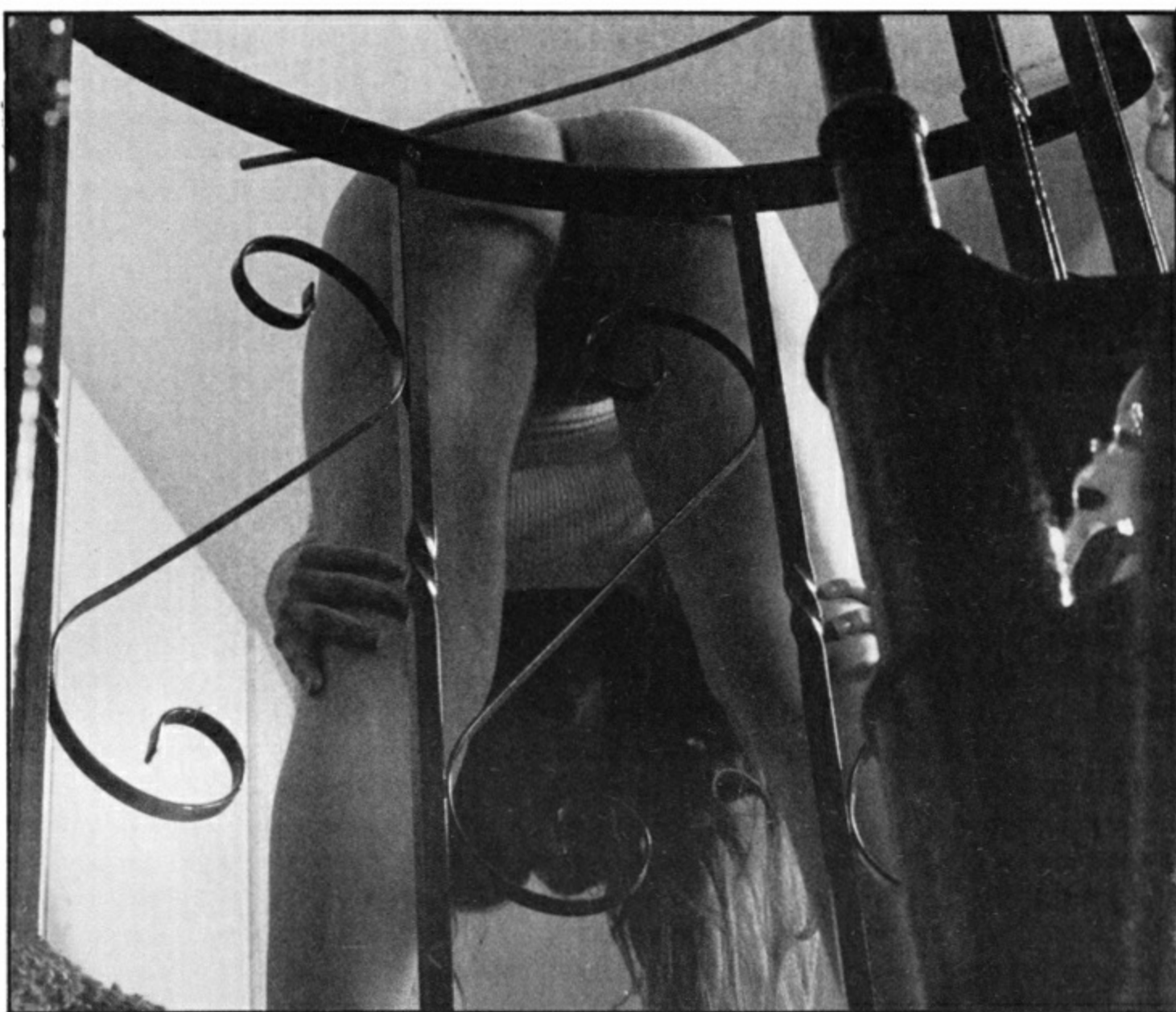


# A QUESTION OF LOYALTY

At the top of the house the noise from the party downstairs is reduced to a distant rhythmic thump, with raised voices occasionally combining in what could be cheers or shouts of encouragement. The room is a bedroom, the windows curtained and the only light coming from a shaded bedside lamp which sheds a soft glow on satin sheets and on lace-edged pillows at the head of a wide bed.

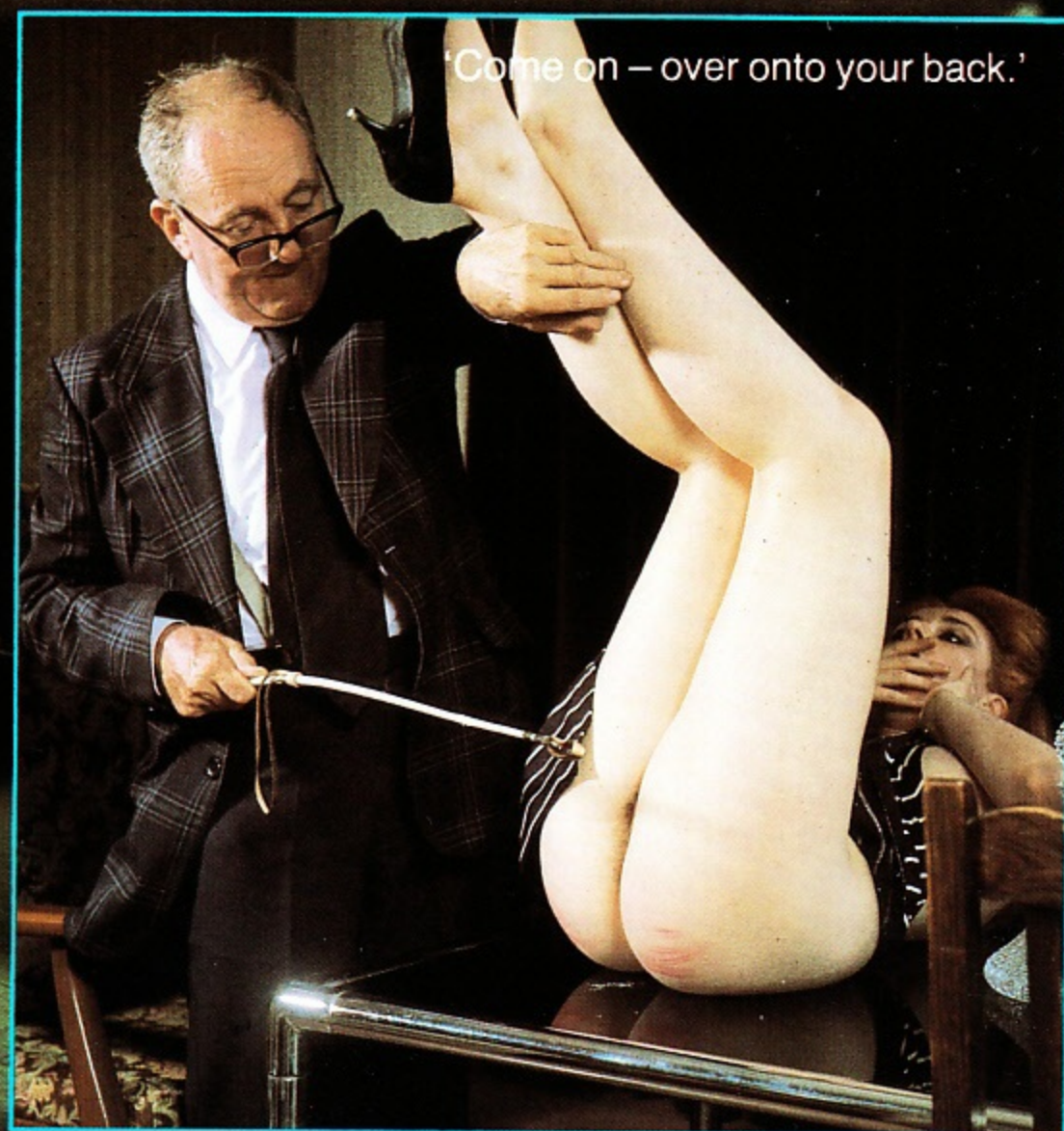
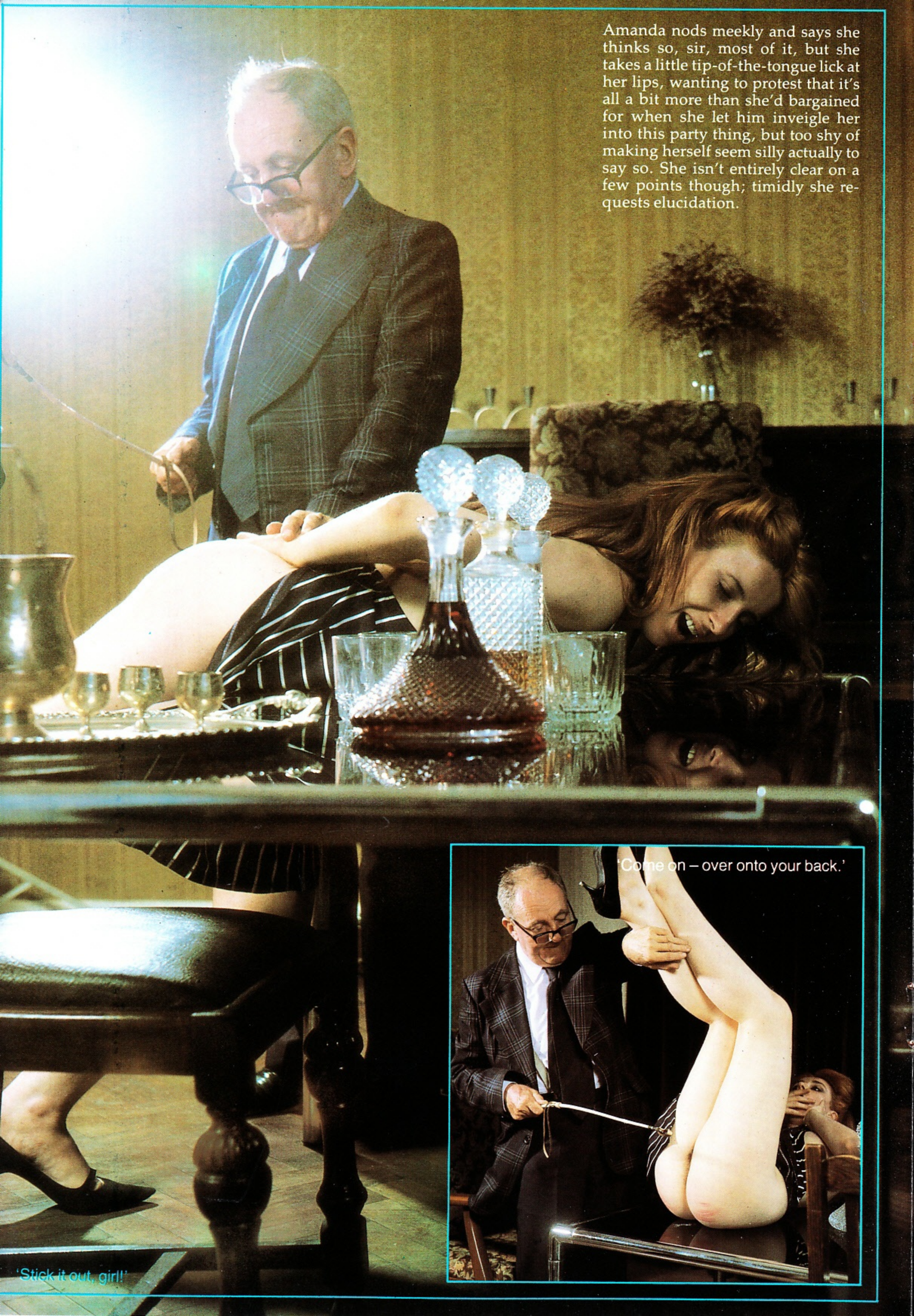
Seated on the bed is Henry, his spectacles poised pedantically halfway down his nose whilst he lectures Amanda, not for the first time, as to what is expected of her.

The girl stands with a half demure, half resentful tilt to her hips, her wide blue eyes nervous, her mouth softened by a trace of her characteristic childish pout. She has been spanked, and thoroughly; her saucy bottom, briefly knickered in an insubstantial pair of black nylon panties with one cheek barer than the other where the knickers have been pulled aside and left lodged in the cleft of her buttocks, is hot with fresh spank marks and hued overall with a suffused crimson glow. She nods attentively now and then and whispers "Yes, yes, sir," touching gingerly with the tips of her fingers at her smacked bottom as though to remind herself, perhaps, that "yes" is probably the safest thing to say this evening no matter what the suggestion might be. She shifts her hips, uncertain and uneasy, and pushes a toe into the pile of a soft cream-coloured rug, her toe-nails painted iridescent pink to match the sequined choker at her throat and the straps of her shoes. A single pink bow, very small, nestles between her breasts, attached to a half-cup bra, black to match the knickers and adjusted tight and high to make the most of her full young tits. The aureole of an erect nipple rises like a little rose-coloured moon behind the minutely-laced cup-edge of the bra, the nipple bud itself only just out of sight. Asked at length if she thinks she's 'got all that clear',





Amanda nods meekly and says she thinks so, sir, most of it, but she takes a little tip-of-the-tongue lick at her lips, wanting to protest that it's all a bit more than she'd bargained for when she let him inveigle her into this party thing, but too shy of making herself seem silly actually to say so. She isn't entirely clear on a few points though; timidly she requests elucidation.



'Come on – over onto your back.'

'Stick it out, girl!'



'Tears won't change anything –'





"Um, sir – do I h-have to get – um – spanked anymore sir. I-I mean, if I'm really, really good. Do I sir – have to get spanked?"

Henry raises his eyebrows. Stupid child – what else does she think happens at spanking parties if the girls don't get spanked!







"It rather depends, Amanda. Perhaps, perhaps not". It's the best he can do without telling either the truth – yes, her chubby young bottom is going to get spanked *and* spanked until she won't even be able to feel if she's even got her knickers on or not – or a downright lie. He smiles encouragingly.

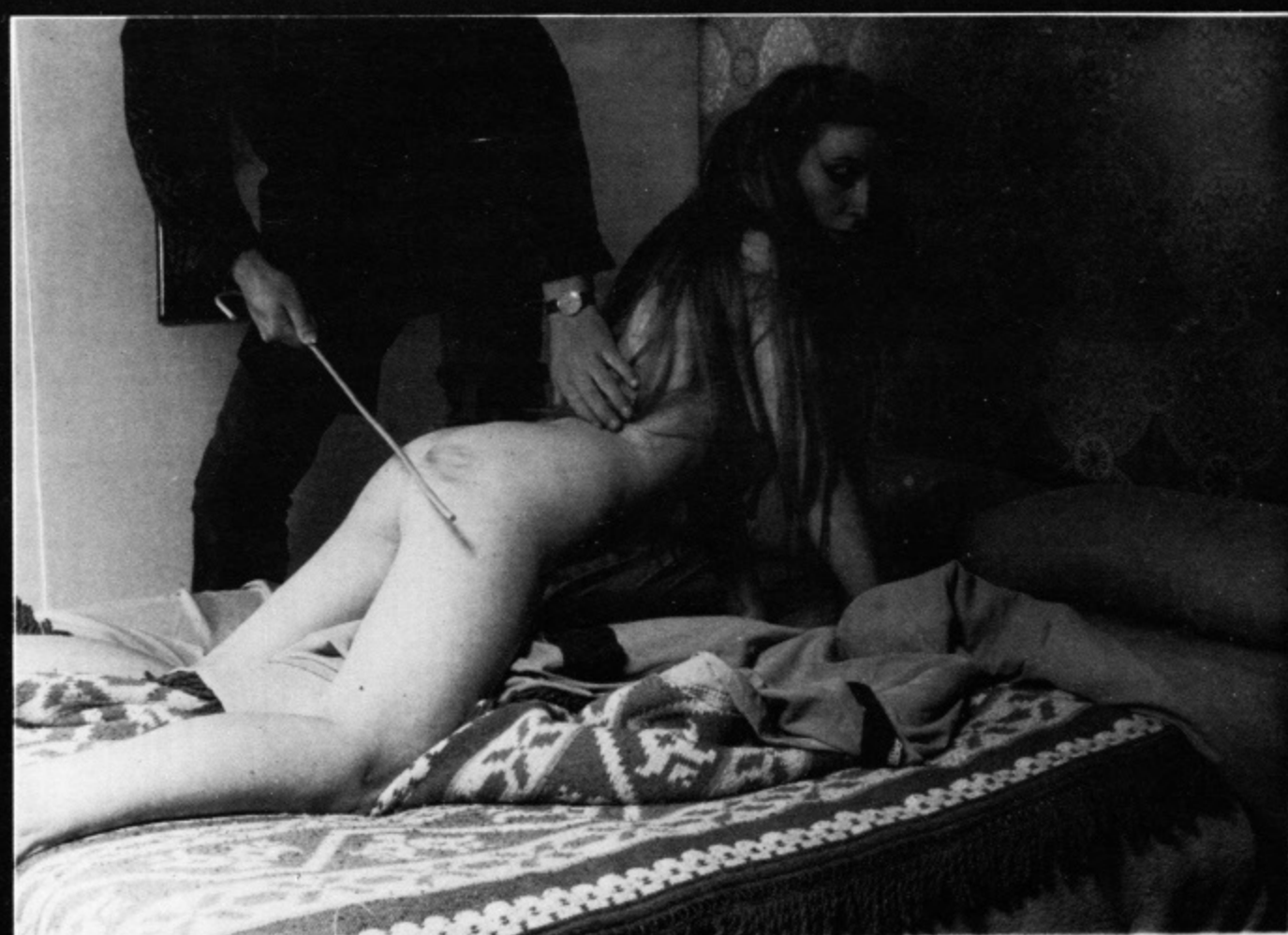
"You've done jolly well so far, my dear. You've made quite an impression on some of the people here." Some of *them* had already made a marked impression on the girl's *bottom* too, of course, but that was all part of the fun – "That's the kind of public relations that does the firm good – you're an asset to the company if you can get people to remember your face, you know".



Amanda, whose spank-tender bottom is what *she's* going to be remembered for, brightens a little and she ventures a tiny smile.

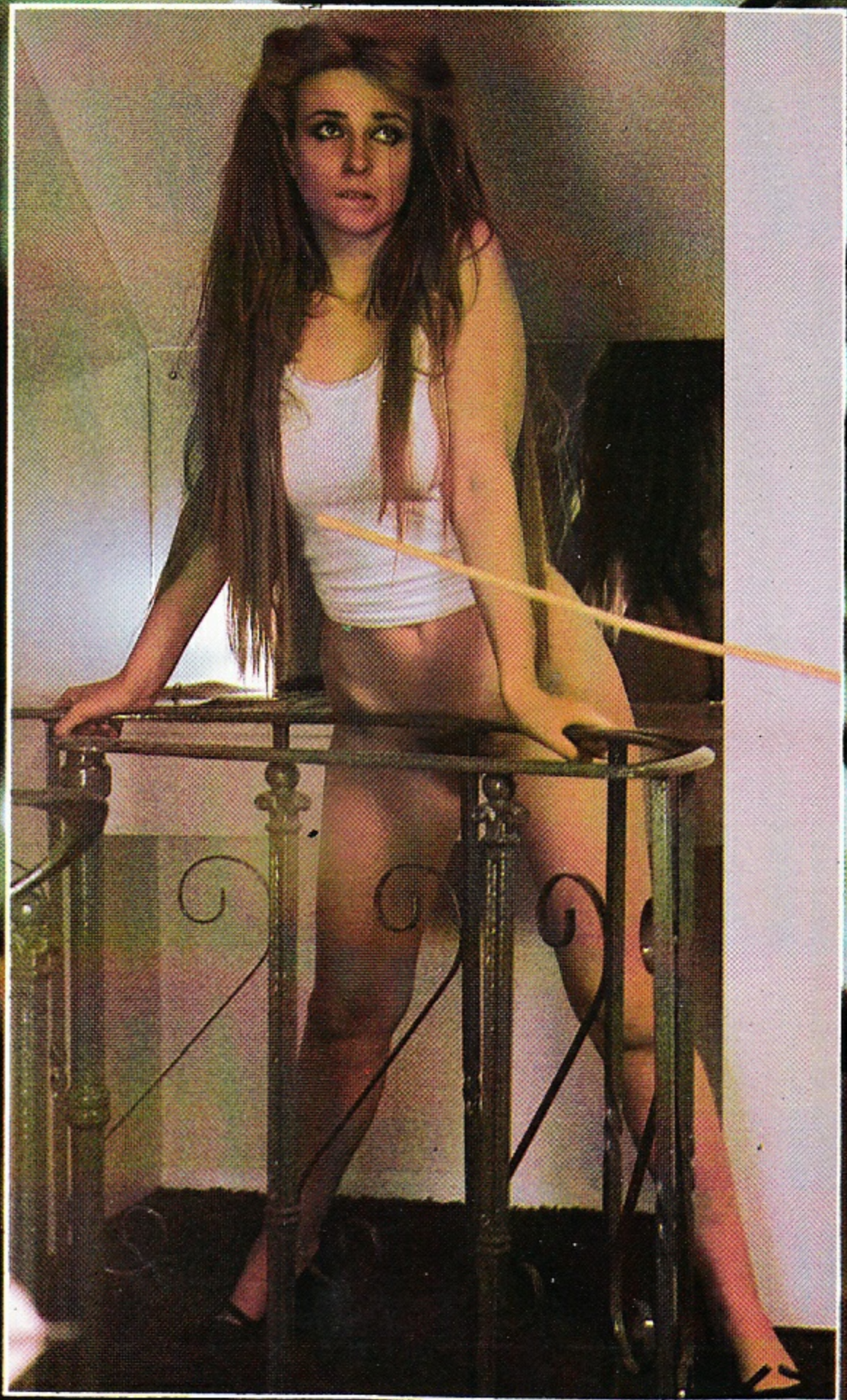
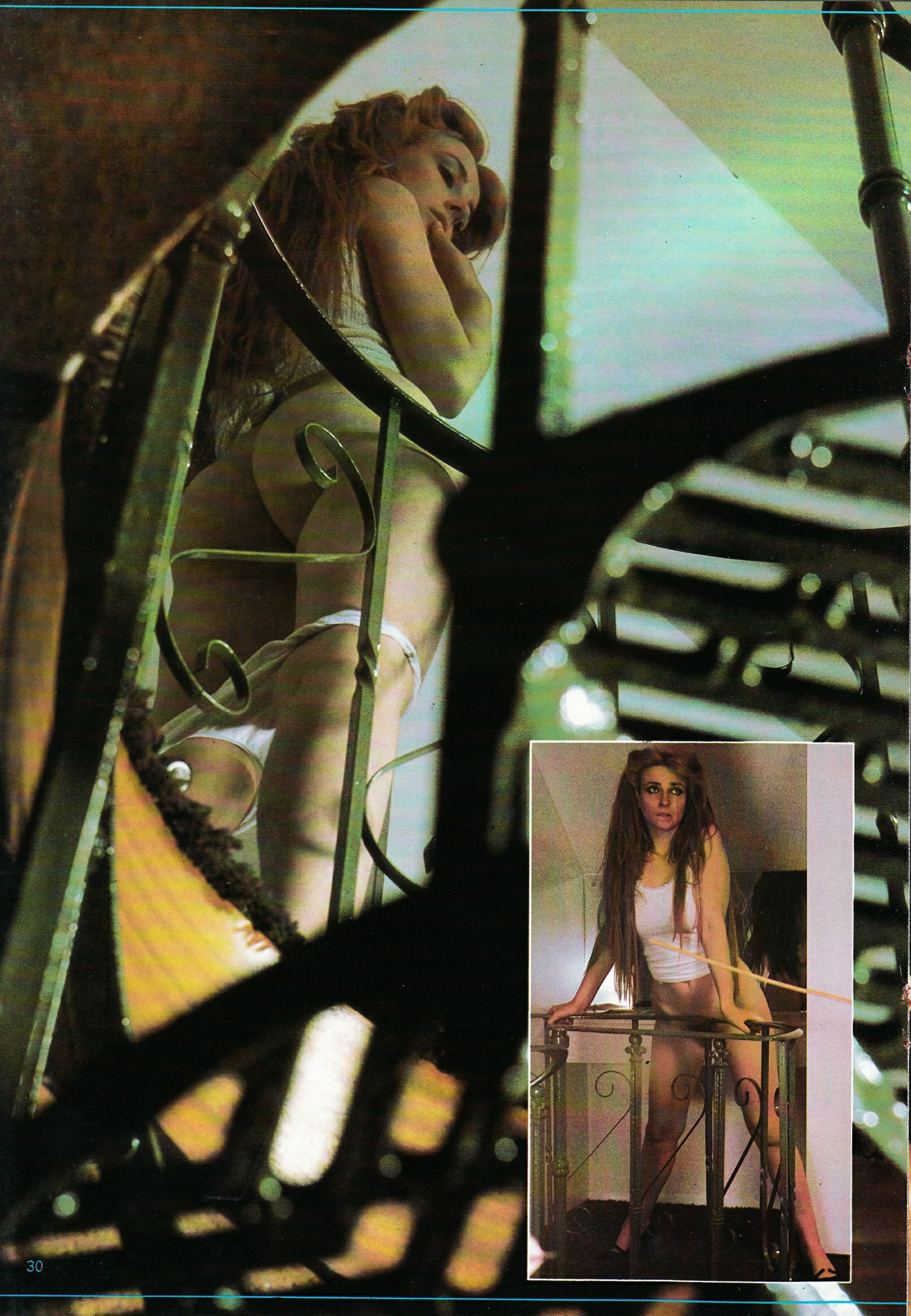
"That's the spirit, Amanda", coaxes Henry. "Now then – perhaps you'd better make yourself comfortable before – er, before you come down eh?" Amanda looks uncomprehending "What I meant was, you'd better go to the lavatory".

"Oh." she doesn't really take the point, but she nods and says she will. Henry leaves her and goes downstairs, chuckling at the thought of his contribution to the party fun wetting her knickers across someone's lap whilst he's giving her a good spanking. Perhaps he shouldn't have mentioned it after all.



In the bathroom adjacent to the bedroom Amanda sits and stares at a fish-patterned tile and thinks that it must be quite a feather in a girl's cap to have become an 'asset to the firm' after such a short time. It was her headmistress's recommendation that had got her the job, of course, but all the same she must have *something* all her own to have got on so well, right from the start, with the company chairman, no less. With this thought to renew her determination not to let the firm or the chairman down, Amanda gets up from the seat and pulls her flimsy black knickers up over the 'something all her own' that has, in truth, been her chief attribute so far as her boss is concerned, and goes out onto the upstairs landing, takes a deep, 'steadying' breath and starts nervously but bravely down the stairs.












# THINGS TO COME



Dishevelled, knickerless, one shoe strap broken and her sequined necktie awry, Amanda is back in the comparative privacy of the bedroom after the public exhibition spanking she has been obliged to endure downstairs in front of the guests. Henry has popped in to say how jolly well she'd done. Amanda putting a brave face on it and pretending she wasn't crying, and now she is collecting her own clothes together, hoping that she'll be allowed to go home. A 'knock-knock' at the door has her clutching her dress in front of her nakedness, and then the door opens and a girl whom she recognises from downstairs pops her head round the door.

"Hello, I'm Christine - I thought you might need a bit of company".

"Oh - er, well, yes, if you like."

"Want a drink?" Christine offers a glass. It might be gin, or perhaps vodka, but Amanda wouldn't know the difference anyway.

"Thanks."

"I saw you getting it down there. You alright?"

"I think so. My bum's so sore though!"

"I know the feeling -" The other girl turns her own bottom so that Amanda can see.

"Christ! What'd they do to you?"

"Caned me" she smiles, "You got off lightly".

Amanda sips her drink and splutters as it bites at the back of her throat.

"Still, it's over now," she says ruefully. "I don't think I'll let myself get talked into anymore of these parties - they're too painful!"

Christine pulls a wry face though she seems cheerful enough.

"I'm afraid I don't have much choice." She smiles, almost apologetically. "I live here".

"Do you?" Amanda can't resist asking the obvious question. "An' - and does this kind of thing go on all the time?"

"Sort of - for me it does, anyway. My mum thinks I'm here as some kind of 'English au-pair to the man whose house this is; my uncle - well, kind of uncle."

"Your uncle?"

"Well, 'friend of the family' I suppose. This is my mum's idea of a summer holiday job. She insisted I should do it."

"You mean she made you come here?"

"Yes."

"But why don't you tell her? Tell her what goes on here - surely she wouldn't make you come then!"

"I doubt if she'd care" Christine smiles ruefully again "It's all a bit complicated, but uncle Thomas has told mum that when I'm twenty one he'll settle some money on me - he's got loads - and my mother's determined that he won't have any reason to change his mind. So every holiday I come here and I pretend Tom's my favourite uncle and - well, the rest you can guess."

Amanda nods, then shakes her head, having 'guessed'. A rattle of the door handle and the two girls look over their shoulders to find a short, inebriated looking man in the doorway; uncle Thomas.

"There you are! Well come along now Chrissy - the party's not over yet!"

A parting whisper, "Bye", and Christine is gone, a smacking sound and a squeal as she is shooed out of the room leaving little doubt as to what she's in for now.

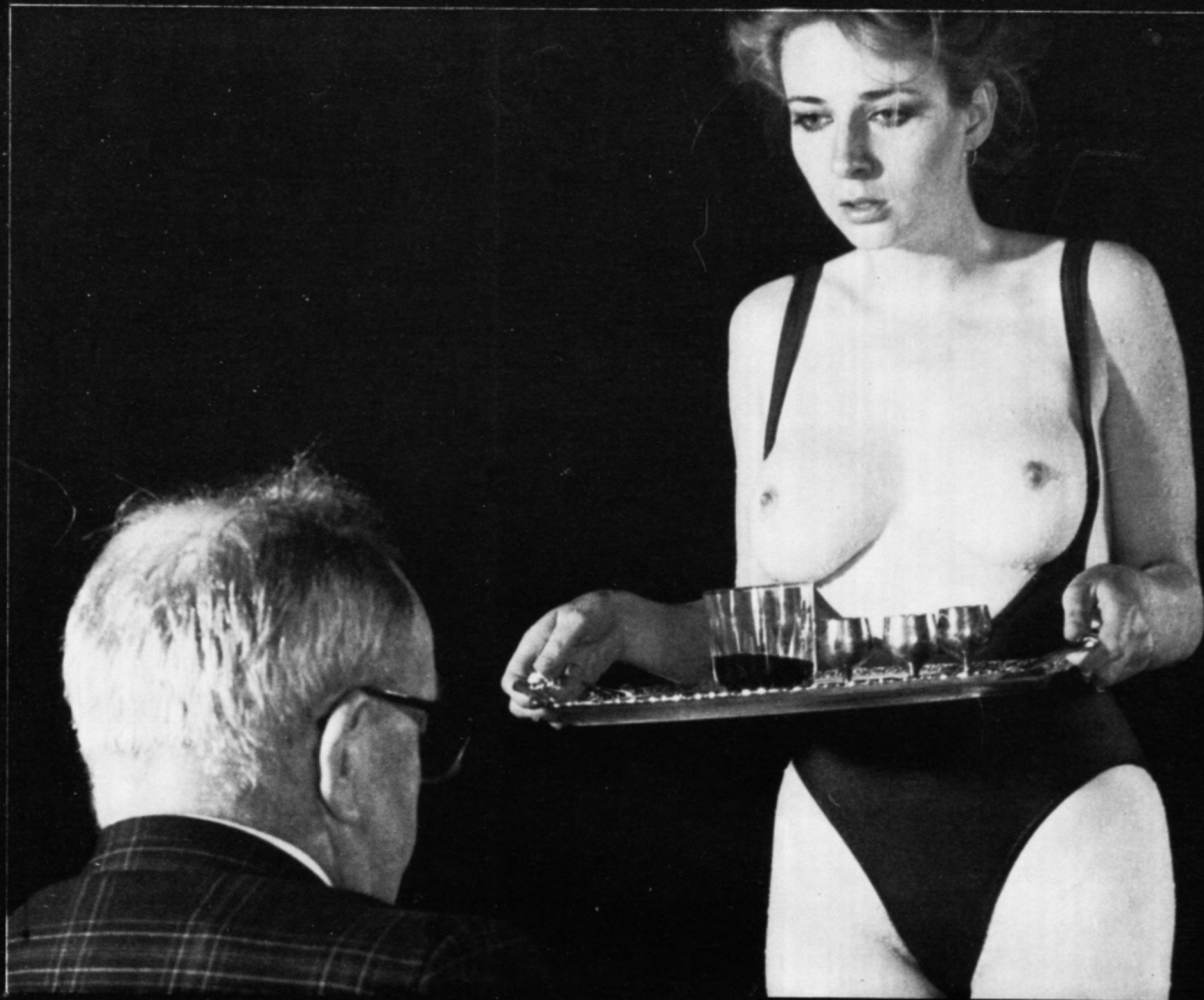
Amanda is dressed by the time Henry returns.

In the car on the way home Amanda mentions Christine. Henry chuckles enigmatically, puts his hand on her knee and pretends to be surprised at the time.

"Goodness - didn't realise it was so late". He grins. "Can't see you getting home tonight, my girl." Amanda's dress is slipped up her thighs. "'Fraid you'll have to come back to my place. Eh? What d'you say?"

Amanda, who's knickers are already being slipped down from under her bottom, doesn't feel brave enough after the events of the evening to say anything.















# FRIDAY NIGHT

She shivered.

Outside, through Mr. Wilmot's window, was a bleak and drizzly November afternoon already quite dark at half past four; but that wasn't why she was shivering, it was anyway quite cosy in Mr. Wilmot's room with the gas fire glowing. No, the shiver was of apprehension, a cold fear of what was to come. What was to come, that is, if it was true what they said, what other girls who had been up before Mr. Wilmot said. What was rumoured, whispered, for no one naturally was going to say it outright. Of course if it wasn't true the alternative, being reported to Col. Mather, Chairman of the Governors, was even worse.

She did her best to control another shiver, nervously shuffled her feet, swallowed, looked straight ahead, avoiding the frank appraising gaze of the Headmaster as he sat in front of her, at his desk.

The voice, even toned, not scary in itself, frightening only in the context. The context of being here in his room after school at half past four on a Friday afternoon. 'So we're in a spot of bother then, Susan. A matter which I am afraid the Chairman of the Governors views very seriously indeed.'

Smoking. Behind the gym at lunchtime yesterday. The really awful thing was that it was her very first cigarette. She had only tried it, reluctantly, for a dare and then suddenly Deborah, on look-out, yelled 'Scram!' Deborah and the two others and Susan all did a frantic bunk but Susan's panicky run was perhaps a little too fast and she almost immediately fell on the wet grass twisting her ankle. It really hurt but got her no sympathy from Mr. Spurgin, the caretaker, when he

came lumbering over to grab her arm as she hobbled about on one foot.

'Ahh, young Miss!' His other hand had reached behind her and calmly squeezed her behind. She'd yelled and tried to twist away but Mr. Spurgin had only given that nasty laugh and held on. He would only do that sort of thing – feeling a girl's bum or her tits – if she was in serious trouble and it was not going to be worth her while to complain. Susan was of course in serious serious trouble because if there was one thing Col. Mather got really excited about it was smoking.

Mr. Spurgin had pushed her up against the wall behind the gym and, shaking all over from that sharp darting pain in her ankle and the truly awful possibility which lay ahead, she had numbly listened to his portentous lecture – while his two rough hands had busied themselves with various bits and pieces of her anatomy. She had stood there letting him do it in the desperate hope that he wouldn't report her. But he had of course.

'Anything to say, young Susan?' asked the Head mildly.

Bottom lip trembling she shook her head. 'Young Susan.' She was 17 and had hoped to be made Prefect next year – that was if she wasn't expelled first. In Col. Mather's eyes smoking was just about the worst crime there was, almost worse than murder it seemed. A hand went up to a moist blue eye, continuing on to brush back a blonde curl. She wasn't crying yet, not quite, just feeling sick.

She shook her head again, then remembered that at this stage you *did* have something to say according to Penny James. You said 'Please

don't report me to Col. Mather, sir.' You said that and then after a bit of hmm-ing and ha-ing you would be offered the alternative. That really awful alternative which of course he wasn't allowed to do and which no one was going to speak about except in secret whispers. Well, it would be slander wouldn't it, said Mary Parsons who knew the law and that could certainly get you expelled and possibly sent to prison as well.

The words came out sounding strange and alien, as if they belonged to someone else. Popping out into the space, the width of his desk and a bit more, that lay between them. Her words hanging there in the still air, to be met by Mr. Wilmot's answering words. Calm, neutral words intermingling.

'But Susan, it *has* to be reported, that is Col. Mather's very strict instruction. You know that, I am sure.'

After those words there was a pause and then there were other words floating around. They were innocent sounding but quite clearly crucial.

'What.. er.. what else could you have had in mind, Susan?'

That was the key, Penny had said. If *you* said it then it got him off the hook. This time naturally it sounded even stranger, they couldn't be her words, not Susan Watson's, someone else's...

'I.. uh.. I'll.. take a spanking, sir.. Or.. whatever I have to...'

'A spanking, Susan? Or whatever?' He didn't sound surprised or anything; which meant that all those whispers *were* correct. Still not looking at him but at the wall above his head she could nonetheless see he had taken up a plastic ruler. A transparent eighteen inch ruler. He was tapping it against his other hand.

'And where, Susan, would you take this spanking? Or whatever?'

'Wh-what, Sir?'

'Where on your pretty person would you take this spanking? Or whatever?'

She knew the answer to that, of course, although it was not easy to make the words come out.

'On-on-on my bottom. Sir.'

'On your bottom. And what sort of bottom, Susan?'

Again she didn't know what sort of answer he wanted.

'What state would your bottom be in, Susan. I mean at present your very attractive bottom is covered by your skirt and I presume underneath there are also your knickers. If I could possibly see my way clear to agree to the serious irregularity that you suggest I certainly should not want your bottom

# SATURDAY MORNING



in that state. Do you understand me?’

‘Yes sir.’ Yes sir she understood now all right.

‘So how would it be then? What state would that bottom be in?’

‘B-bare sir. Kn-knickers down sir.’

‘I see, young Miss.’

He got up from his desk and went to the window to draw the curtain, shutting out that dreary, drizzly scene. Then he went to the door and turned the key. With that done he came back to sit on his chair again, this time first pushing it back so that it was well away from his desk. Space to operate. After that he told her to come and stand at his side.

Standing there again looking straight ahead she got a lecture about what she had suggested being quite illegal and he shouldn’t even consider doing it; but nonetheless out of pure kindness and to save her from the awful consequences of a report to Col. Mather he just *might*, this once, as a special favour. But if anything about it ever got out he would naturally deny it and he would also see that she got expelled in disgrace forthwith. The steely hand showing after all this pure kindness.

Yes sir, she said, when he asked if she understood and agreed to all this. Then he told her to take her skirt off.

No one had told her about that. She had simply assumed, when she had been able to force herself to consider this truly awful situation, that it would just be pulled up. Green, pleated, knee-length, the ordinary regulation school uniform, it now somehow assumed a great significance. Without it...

Hands nevertheless had gone to her waist, to the buttons and the zip at the side. It slid down. She stepped awkwardly out of it, put it on his desk. ‘Knickers – just my knickers – he can see me –’

Tight and white, snugly containing her private and most intimate regions. She forced herself to stand still and straight. Above, the blouse and green-and-blue tie and her green cardigan; below, white knee socks and black strap-over flat-heeled shoes. But in the centre where Mr. Wilmot’s eyes were now intently focussed just those tight, white, rather brief nylon knickers. Plus of course a pair of softly rounded and quite bare thighs. ‘He likes to smack your legs as well as your bum, Penny had said. ‘The backs of your thighs...’

‘Take them down,’ Mr. Wilmot said.

How did you bring yourself to do that? By not thinking, pushing it out of your mind, thinking instead of Col. Mather and being expelled. ‘Right down,’ said Mr. Wilmot, certainly not

content with any half measures. ‘Mid thigh; so the dog can see the rabbit.’

Softly rounded girl-flesh. Private curves and dips and dimples all now bare to his gaze. Taut and firm, she was quite slim with her 5ft 6 ins height, and in the centre of it all the neat whisper of brown hair two shades darker than the blonde curls surrounding the now hotly-flushed face. A hand moved automatically across to cover that neatly-downed mound but Mr. Wilmot ordered, ‘Stand straight; hands at your sides.’

After a bit he said ‘Turn. ‘Her bottom now, softly rounded above the crumpled, lowered knickers. Twin pale cheeks trembling slightly, then jerking suddenly away as the Head’s hand reached out.

‘Keep still please –’ Like warm spiders the fingers touched, tested, patted, squeezed lightly. More of his words popping out behind her.

‘Quite a nice firm one, eh Susan? A firm and very pretty bottom. So now we’ll see, shall we, how this very pretty bottom likes a bit of spanking.’

It was happening. She was over his lap; right over and no nonsense, head down close to the floor and bare bottom at the highest point squarely centred on his lap. A bit more groping and then she was being spanked. She gasped at the sudden shock of it. Hard, crisp, jolting smacks, spaced out, each one knocking the breath out of her.

In desperation she hung on to the one saving thought. Col. Mather. At least she was not going to be reported to him. What was happening was so awful it was scarcely credible but when it was over that would be it. She would have paid the price, awful as it was.

The smacking continued. *Splatt! – Splat! – Splatt! – systematically covering the whole of her bottom over and over again. At last it stopped – but only for Mr. Wilmot to take hold of her lowered knickers and pull them on down, over those white socks and the black shoes, to take them completely off.*

*Then her legs were being pushed apart and the hand was smacking down on her thighs, on the backs, on the tender inner surfaces. In spite of those determined efforts to think only of Col. Mather and the fact that she was not going to be reported she was now crying, hot salt tears on the equally hot cheeks. Hot tears of pain and also of humiliation at this unbelievably awful business.*

*Finally it did stop. She lay sobbing, scarcely conscious of anything – including Mr. Wilmot’s hand which had come to rest lightly holding the upper*

*inner surface of her nearside thigh. Gradually the sobs became less intense. The world came back. The little closed world of Mr. Wilmot’s office with its locked door and curtained window and its cosy gas fire. And her position over her lap. As she became aware so also she became aware of where his hand was... the first finger almost...*

*Softly seductive tones from Mr. Wilmot. ‘That wasn’t so bad, was it Susan?’*

*She made a ‘Nnnnggg’ sound. Then she let out a little, started squeak. The finger, and the rest of the hand, had moved up that extra little distance.*

*His voice almost a caress. ‘Just relax, Susan,, like a good girl. We don’t want that report going to Col. Mather, do we?’*

*Her breath spluttered out as the hand took hold. The stinging smart in her rosy red bottom was now forgotten in the face of this. No one had ever said anything about this.*

But what could you do? With that open threat of Col. Mather. Nothing – except let him do it. And what with the awful nervous tension of the whole thing plus the truly horrible spanking itself, well, somehow she found she was responding. Not wanting to but her hips starting to move rhythmically against that fiendish intrusion of clever, experienced fingers.


Soothing words from Mr. Wilmot floating in the air. ‘That’s better – Just relax – Let’s see what a good girl you can be –’

Outside, 20 minutes later, she walked her bike out of the school gates. Walked because she was still too trembly to get on. It was cold with that thin drizzly rain falling but she had her raincoat on and anyway it was not unpleasant; the fresh air and the rain in fact a relief after the stuffy warmth of Mr. Wilmot’s and what had happened there. That dreadful spanking and then that business afterwards that in its way was even more dreadful.

After a bit with her knees now feeling somewhat less jelly-like she thought about getting on the bike. then decided to keep walking anyway. She had remembered she didn’t have any knickers on. Mr. Wilmot had kept them. ‘Come round to my place in the morning and get them,’ he had said. ‘Tomorrow’s Saturday. ‘We’ll have a cup of coffee. You know where it is, don’t you? About 10 o’clock. My wife will be out so it’ll be just the two of us.’

Susan shivered, but it might only have been the rain that made her feel so chill.



A man in a dark suit and tie is shown from the side, reaching out to touch the back of a woman who is bent over. The woman is nude. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

# SALLY'S FIRST LESSON

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"Sally's first lesson" has been recorded on high-quality professional equipment, assuring the customer of the very best value for money available.

Sally's introduction to tutorial discipline is as traumatic an experience as a teenage girl is ever likely to go through. The first shock is finding that the girl whose lesson preceeds her own is still in the school room – and getting the caning of her life.'

Angela, the girl whom Sally finds across the old school desk, is too blinded by tears and too panic-stricken at what's happening to her bared bottom even to notice the new arrival. Her caning, prolonged

and severely applied, is followed in intimate detail by the camera – nothing is missed out! And then it's Sally's turn! The scene you *must* watch for comes after Sally's humiliating knickers – down-and-up – again introduction to her new tutor's way with naughty girls, and after a spelling lesson which has a lot more bare bottom spanking than spelling she is put across that same desk, and caned non-stop for almost twenty long minutes – and it's virtually all *one long shot*! The girl's squirmy, tearful reactions to her first ever

caning – we mean first for both the character, Sally, and the girl who actually plays her – are captured virtually without edits, so that watching the video is almost as good as actually *being* there!

This second, HOUR LONG, video from Blushes is definitely not to be missed.



# SALLY: FURTHER LESSONS

The photos appearing in this section, together with those of the chubby-bottomed blonde girl across the school desk to be found elsewhere in the magazine, are extracted from the new *Blushes* video, *Sally's First Lesson*.

The blonde girl is 'Angela', whose caning is already in progress when the video begins. Readers may have seen her in an earlier issue of 'Blushes'. The dark haired girl plays "Sally" in the title, and she too will have been seen, mostly without her knickers, in 'Blushes' number 3.

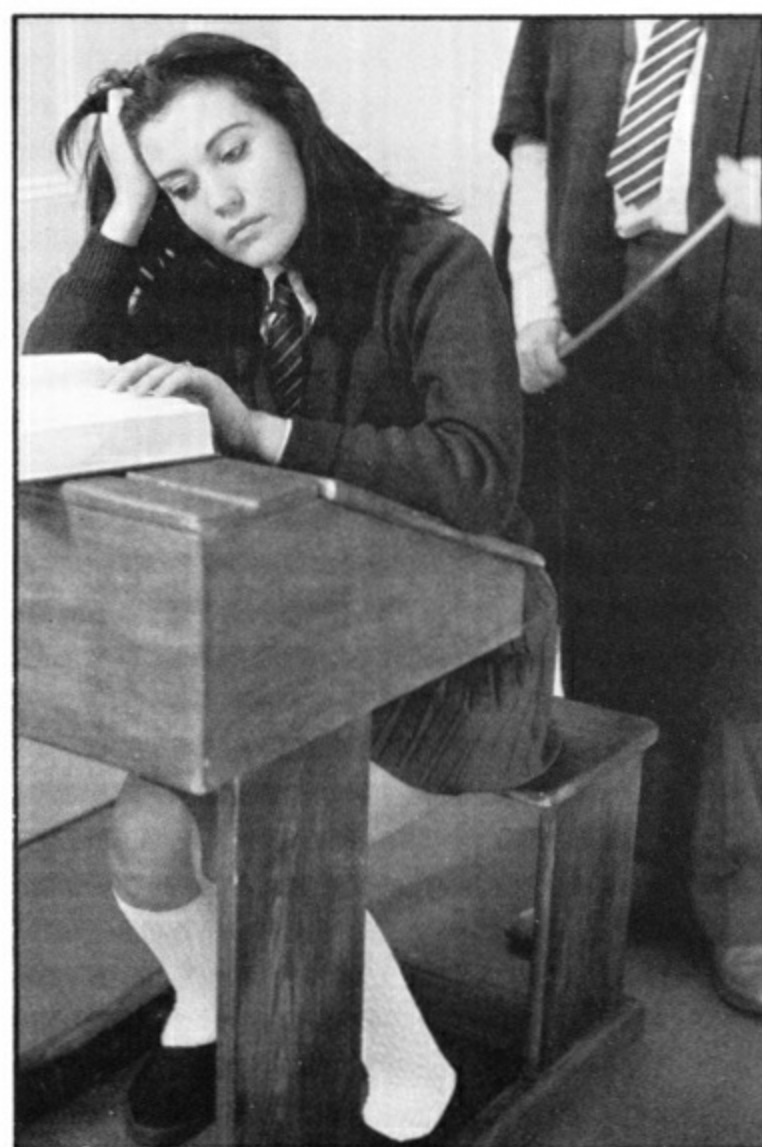
The first 'Blushes' video, "Half-term Punishments", having been a critical success, it seemed like a good idea to do another one. Casting about for two girls to play the tutor's pupils in 'Sally's First Lesson' one naturally thought of those young ladies whose appearance in the pages of the magazine had stimulated a good response from readers. (The power of postal lobbying is not to be underrated).

Exploratory approaches were made.

Questions like, "Do I have to get – you know –?" were easily disposed of. "We don't make films like that", seemed to calm maidenly fears on that score. "Do I get caned?" and, more awkwardly, "Does it *hurt* when you get caned?" were less easy to answer. One opted for truthfulness without over dramatisation – "Yes" and "yes" – "I think I'd better think about it, if you don't mind" was the only answer one could have expected.

Encouragingly, both "Angela" and "Sally" thought the matter over and, by some charming process of feminine logic, each decided that perhaps, after all, it would be alright. Both girls having fooled themselves into thinking that they'd like to be in a caning video therefore, it was only a matter of shooting it – oh, and of providing a plentiful supply of paper hankies for when the "few strokes" of the girls' optimistic self-delusion was translated into the reality of *real* canings, – a lot more than a "few strokes".

The result is to be seen in "Sally's First Lesson" – the development of the story as it proceeds from the point where the video ends is outlined in the pieces which run alongside the photographs, and Sally's temporary 'transfer' to Mr. Wiggins' house in Dorset marks the starting point of the video presently in production which takes the lid off what goes on in *that* gentleman's elegant country home!



Sally's first lesson with her tutor had been a great success; a Parents' Evening discussion with the headmaster of her school had confirmed that a marked improvement in her level of application to her work had been commented upon by Mr. Ruddle, her English language teacher, and Miss Terry, who took her for Literature and History. It had not seemed necessary to inform the headmaster of the nature of the 'stimulation' which had worked such wonders; it would have embarrassed the girl and might have disconcerted the gentleman himself, known as he was for his rather modern attitude to teaching methods. Two lessons a week for the ensuing month had confirmed that all young Sally had needed after all had been a teacher, in the form of her new tutor, whom she could respect and look up to; that and the 'liberal' application of admonitory palm and chastening cane to her bare bottom.



It had been disappointing therefore when Mr. Walker had 'phoned to say that family business in the North of England, arising unexpectedly as these things do, seemed likely to demand his attention for several weeks whilst he handled the disposition of a relative's estate. He was sorry that Sally's lessons with him would have to be suspended temporarily – she had shown such an improvement – but if it was felt that some stop-gap arrangements would be beneficial to the girl, he would enquire of an associate of his as to whether, in the special circumstances, he might be able to accommodate Sally. 'Accommodation' would indeed be the crucial matter in both senses of the word, because his friend lived in Dorsetshire, and if he found he could fit the girl into his crowded schedule it would naturally be impossible for her to commute; she would have to stay over, probably for the weekend, whenever she visited him.

Mr. Walker was asked if he *would* kindly enquire of his friend as to whether he would consider taking Sally on that basis; in due course a telephone call was received to say that it had all been arranged; Sally was expected on the following Friday evening and she would be returning late on the Sunday. Sally left on the five-thirty train from Victoria and was in Dorset just after seven o'clock, to be met at the station by the man who was to supervise her continuing improvement for the next two days and as it turned out, the following three weekends too.

The man who met her at the station on the first Friday evening wasn't Mr. Wiggins after all. He introduced himself as Ron, and said he was Mr. Wiggins' gardener. He opened the back of his estate car for Sally to put her luggage in and then in an oddly gentlemanly gesture, which didn't fit with his workmanlike appearance, he unlocked the front passenger door and showed her into her seat. The floor of the car was cluttered with boxes and what seemed to be bits of machinery; at least, the floor in front of the passenger seat was, although there seemed to be nothing in the back seat and the boot had been empty. Sally found herself sitting with her feet on something bulky and metallic which was painted green, her heels almost on a level with the seat. She looked up to say a demure thank you only to catch the man's eyes delving down into the shadow between her legs, her knees as high as her chin and her short skirt leaving much of the undersides of her thighs quite bare.

The driver shut the door and then

got into his own seat. They drove away down the station approach and within minutes they were hurrying along country lanes and leaving the town far behind.

"What's your name?" asked the driver. "I know it's Miss Clarke, but I can't call you that, can I".

"Sally –" The man repeated it then fell silent. At the bottom of a hill he changed gear and his hand wandered to the uptilted bareness at the back of Sally's leg. He patted chummily.

"How old are you than?" he wanted to know.

"Er-seventeen. Nearly". She slid her bottom away from his hand and he seemed to take the hint. To maintain the conversation and perhaps keep his mind off her legs, she asked him about Mr. Wiggins, pulling her skirt across a bit in case he felt tempted again.

"Oh, he's a nice bloke. Well known around here – does lots of charitable works and stuff. Got something to do with a girls' home – don't know what exactly, but sometimes he has one or two of 'em over for a bit. It gives 'em a change of environment, I suppose." He looked speculatively at Sally. "I've noticed he only seems to have the pretty ones over though. Pretty ones like you." Sally thought she probably blushed, but she didn't quite catch on to his point. "Daresay he'll take to *you*" said the driver amusedly.

They arrived at a large house set in grounds surrounded by a high red-brick wall. Sally took her luggage from the back of the car, her bending over watched closely by the gardener, then she was taken into the house to meet her temporary tutor.

Mr. Wiggins turned out to be not at all as she'd expected, indeed feared. He was in his sixties, a large, jovial man with a ready smile and crinkly cornered eyes. He insisted, when she called him 'Mr. Wiggins' that she should think of him as 'Uncle Howard' – much more cosy that way, he said. The first disconcerting moment came after Sally had been shown over the house – she had been relieved to see that there was no sign of a school-room such as the one in which she'd spent so many uncomfortable-seated hours at her tutor's premises – and then she was taken to her bedroom.

"Let's see what you've brought" said Mr. Wiggins. The contents of her suitcase were turned out on the bed and picked over. Several little piles grew here and there on the coverlet; jeans, jumpers, and a cardigan formed one pile, knickers made another. "What knickers are you wearing at the moment, Sally?" Displayed hesitantly to his bright, unabashed gaze,

Sally's little pink pants were directed to be placed on the pile together with every other pair she had brought with her. Mercifully her skirt wasn't required to be placed on any of the lopsided mounds of clothing. Warily she watched her pyjamas being sorted out, the top halves going in one direction while the bottoms joined the pile of underwear. At the conclusion of the jumble-sale rummaging there was one small collection of items at the foot of the bed, including the tops of her pyjamas but none of her pairs of knickers, and the rest of her things were scooped back into the suitcase.

"I'll put these away for you." said the cheerful Mr. Wiggins. "You won't be needing them." Sally's bewildered expression prompted a few words, though it was no more than that, of explanation.

"There are a few things in the wardrobe – you'll find everything you're likely to need." He looked at his watch. "Now you'd better get ready for bed – you'll have had a long day, I dare say." The remaining small pile was turned over and the pink-flowered top to one of her pairs of pyjamas was fished out. "That's all you'll need – the house is very warm." He smiled benignly – "When you're ready you can come down to the library to say goodnight."

Tip-toeing downstairs at twenty past eight on that first Friday evening Sally's slender reserves of courage all but deserted her by the time she had descended to the bottom stair. One hand on the knob of the banister, she caught sight of herself in the mirror which backed a tall oak-built hat-stand beside the front door. Unobserved though she was she blushed at the sight of her own bare legs, bare thighs, bare – well, bare everything below the elasticated lower extent of her pyjama top. Pulling at the nipped-in waist was pointless, the most she could do was cover her navel, and even then the moment she moved the pyjamas slipped determinedly upwards again. Though she knew nothing about Mr. Wiggins – 'Uncle Howard,' she'd have to remember that – it seemed ominously likely that he shared her tutor's views with regard to 'educational methods' as they were to be applied to girls who had failed their 'O' level examinations. Nervous in the extreme, Sally turned her back on the mirror and looked over her shoulder; though it was her own bottom, and much though the thought of its being spanked bothered her, even Sally had to recognise that presented as it was, plump and rounded below the snug fit of her pyjama top at her waist, her bum was



unmistakably 'asking for it.' A renewed effort to yank her pyjamas down even a bit was quite pointless. Sally pulled the pink-flowered top up again and settled it prettily round her waist, thinking that perhaps if she made the most of her bum instead of trying to hide it, then Mr. Wiggins – no 'Uncle Howard', she *must* remember that – might possibly see something more in a half-naked nearly-seventeen year old than just a bottom to be spanked. She turned to face the mirror again and experimented with her hands, trying to find a way to look casual whilst covering what was most likely to catch Mr. – 'Uncle Howard's' – eye at the front. There was nothing she could do about her breasts; the pyjamas hadn't been designed to minimise a girl's shape and although the neckline was modestly high, the close fit underneath her breasts made a feature of each of them. Even her nipples seemed determined to contribute to her embarrassed discomfiture; Sally prodded at them but they refused to subside and instead pushed brazenly at the cotton as though determined to be noticed. Well, there was nothing else for it – Sally took a deep breath and went hesitantly along the hall to the door she remembered as being the one to the library.

She knocked timidly and waited for an answer. A muffled 'Come in' and then there was no turning back. The door handle turned stiffly under her hand and then she was walking in, stepping awkwardly backwards to close the door without letting her bottom disclose its bareness to Mr. Wiggins who was seated in a deep armchair to one side of the fireplace, her one free hand floating rather obviously in front of her tummy and joined even more pointedly by the other as soon as the door was shut. Sally took a pace or two forward to demonstrate a measure of willingness, her eyes fixed on her new tutor, then stopped, her knees feeling wobbly and her heart pounding in her chest. Mr. Wiggins greeted her with what seemed an unnecessarily enthusiastic smile.

"Come in my dear, come along in." He waved encouragingly towards a vaguely-indicated place in front of him and Sally walked dubiously across the carpet and stood at what she judged to be slightly more than arm's length from the benign-looking Mr. Wiggins. Several seconds passed while the bits unhidden by hands or pink flowers were assayed unhurriedly, then the welcoming smile was lifted to the girl's embarrassed face, the look so long and direct that after a nervous lick at her lips she seemed to feel obliged to say something to break

the tension.

"Er – I've come to say g-goodnight, Mr. Wig-Um-Uncle Howard."

"Oh yes." Still the open, uninhibited smile. "Though in the circumstances perhaps it would be polite to say 'good evening' first, don't you think?"

Confused, Sally corrected what she hadn't realised would be a mistake.

"S-sorry, Mr.-Uncle Howard –" She twiddled her fingers together, a habit she had when she was feeling uncomfortable. "Good evening, sir." The 'sir' had slipped itself in, automatic in the circumstances, which felt very like the moments after she had taken her knickers down in her tutor's schoolroom and was waiting to be put across her desk for a spanking. 'Sir' still smiled, a hint of indulgence about his expression now.

"I didn't mean you should say it to me, Sally. I meant you to be polite to our guest." His eyes left hers and focused on a point almost directly behind her. She turned her head to look and her startled "Oooh!" might have meant anything. "This," said Mr. Wiggins patiently "is Mr. Aldridge."

"Er – good – good evening –" Sally's sudden flush set off her little girl lost look and made her seem even more helpless.

"You can think of Mr. Aldridge as 'Uncle Ernest'." Sally turned again at Mr. Wiggins voice.

"Um – yes sir – I mean, 'Uncle Howard –" she looked again at 'Uncle Ernest', sitting in a chair similar to her tutor's on the opposite side of the fireplace. She couldn't think how she could have failed to see him.

"Uncle Ernest is an associate of mine, professionally speaking. An educationist, like myself." He will be helping me out with you, my dear, in our endeavours to get to the bottom of your problems.

'Uncle Ernest' cast his educationist's eye over the half-naked, half-grown-up girl whose chubby, whip-pable young bottom had presented itself unawares to his 'expert' inspection as she'd first stood in front of her other 'uncle', and he formed a 'professional' opinion, admittedly at first sight and with certain reservations which would no doubt be considered fully in due course; she was quite definitely one of the nicest, most promising young things 'Wiggy' had ever turned up. He stirred in his chair, taking the opportunity whilst the girl's attention was on Wiggy to ease a sudden tightness; she would need lots and lots of discipline – one could always tell; the plumper, the nicer their bums the more whipping they

inevitably needed. The girl glanced anxiously in his direction again and he, like Wiggy, treated her to an encouraging smile. She looked away as she was spoken to, Wiggy going into his welcoming lecture routine. Uncle Ernest let his gaze take in the naked, tempting look of her bottom again and the firm-muscled smoothness of her legs and added a footnote to his first assessment of her potential. The one other thing she'd need – that was if Wiggy gave him half a chance to give it to her – was a taste of what an over-sixteen little cocktease like she was, *needed* to be given by someone with the necessary experience of these things. He glanced at Wiggy and pulled a wry face. Knowing the old rogue as he did though, he thought it likely that anything he himself might manage to give the girl was likely to be a less-than-novel experience for her by the time Wiggy had had her to himself for the whole weekend. Still, there was a whole evening before them yet, and there would be other opportunities. Uncle Ernest completed his readjustments and settled down to enjoy the new girl's initiation to Uncle Howard's educational methods.

Sally's poor bottom had had very nearly enough of 'Uncle Howard's' playful but painfully accurate cane by the time the mantel clock chimed nine. The two chintzy pouffes on which she had been made to kneel – two, there being one for each knee and some two feet separating the pair in order to keep her legs nicely spread – were each looking lopsided where her weight had pressed against their inward edges more than the outward. Her dark hair, strewn across the fire-side rug, shone in the glow from the fire; at this moment her face was turned away from Wiggy, but he didn't need to see it to know that it was streaked with tears and crimson-cheeked from a mixture of humiliated exhaustion and the heat from the red-glowing coals in the hearth. Her back was hollowed, her bum thrusting up obediently now, although it had taken the first twelve strokes or so to teach her to remember to do that. Her bottom shivered nervously as the cane tapped meaningfully across it along a line perhaps an inch or so further up the roundness of her buttocks than the under-cheek crease would normally have fallen had she not been so tightly bent over. The cane hovered, twitching, as the girl squeezed her buttocks and then, having learnt not to do that earlier, (half a dozen nice, stingy strokes), she made herself relax to provide the cane with an aiming



point that was soft and resiliently receptive for the next carefully delivered stroke.

The tenderness already engendered in Sally's cheeks by all the previous strokes now made it quite unnecessary to use more than a flick of the wrist and the weight of the cane itself, all achieved from the comfort of an armchair, to have the girl gasping into the rug and fresh tears starting down her cheeks. Mr. Wiggins expert swing brought the slender implement neatly across that sitting-down bit of Sally's bum which had come in for more than a fair share of attention. The girl's hips jerked convulsively forward, her knees pressing hard into their two supports and her bum-cheeks trembling as the smart was rekindled where she had been made to smart before, Sally's muffled weeping from floor level mixed in with whimpering words which were incomprehensible yet abundantly plain of meaning in their wretchedness.

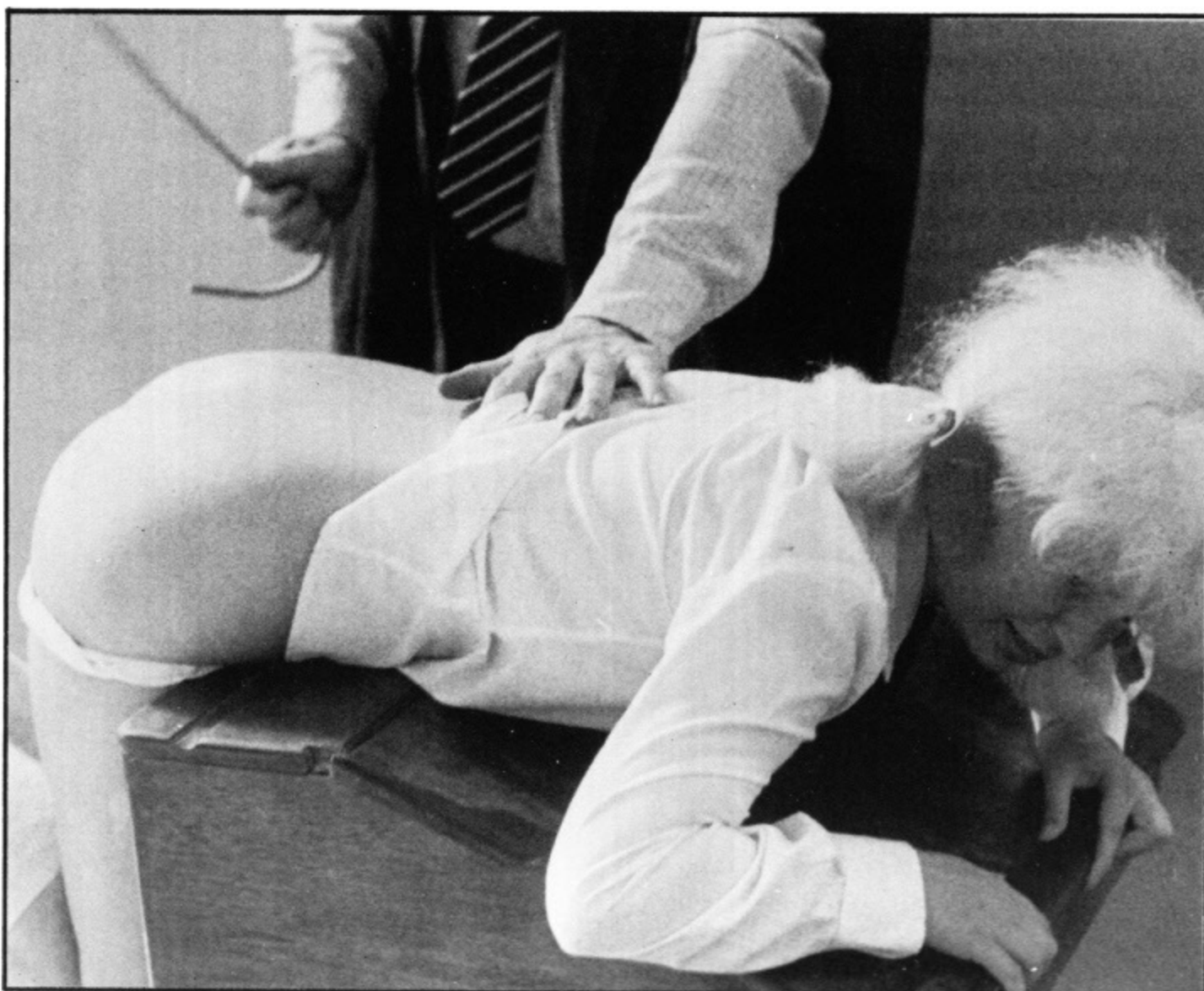
Still the cane hovered and with the utmost reluctance Sally's bum tried and eventually managed to reposition itself at cane-stroke height, and at cane length from Mr. Wiggin's hand, now resting nonchalantly on the arm of the chair. The cane tapped teasingly across the plumped-out thrust of the unwilling buttocks and a renewed fit of sobbing confirmed that a lesson had most certainly been learnt by the audibly chastened Sally.

Nothing would now be gained by prolonging this unhappy ritual; besides there were other things on Mr. Wiggins' mind now that a certain rapport had been established. A last playful flick across the back of the girl's legs and the words that Sally had ceased to believe would ever come released her from the humiliation she had been obliged to endure since 'Uncle Ernest' had been politely shooed off home. "Very well Sally - you may get down from there. I believe you've had enough of the cane for now."

Sally took her knees from the pouffees and knelt on the floor and now that the caning was done with, the ebbing away of the nervous tension that the constant requirement to keep her bottom up high and accessible to the cane had cost her set a fresh flood of hot, emotional tears free. She wept quietly, kneeling up and rubbing her bottom with careful hands and no longer caring that the declination of her new tutor's glance towards the full little pout of her soft-downed pubes might have indicated that although the painful introduction to the weekend was over, there was another sacrifice yet to be made. Mr. Wiggins







let her cry – he was no insensitive chauvinist – then, when she had dashed most of the tears from her cheeks once already and then relapsed into a new bout of sobbing, to recover yet again and lift her moist-rimmed eyes at last to his face, he coaxed her towards him and between his knees and suggested that he'd like her to lift her arms – yes, a bit higher – and a careful upward sliding of the pyjama top lifted her breasts and exposed first their soft undersides and then the pink hint of nipple aureoles and finally, with a youthful bounce, the satin-skinned fullness of her bare breasts.

"Come on." Said with understanding in his voice to coax her into holding her arms up whilst the pyjama top was slipped free of her arms and hands. "No, no, silly," a smile on his face, "No need to be shy."

And so she knelt there, hands obediently by her sides although now and then she touched at her bottom and felt the cane weals across the fullness underneath, and she made a dubious face when he asked her about 'precautions.'

"Um –" She understood the question, of course, but was plainly nervous at its implications" "N-no."

"And have you ever, in the past?"

"Er – p-pardon?" Embarrassment pinkened her face. He smiled at her confusion and clarified his meaning.

"Taken precautions."

"No I've – er – never."

"Never needed to?"

"No" She shook her head determinedly, anxious to make it clear.

"Never had occasion to; that what you're trying to say?"

She nodded, her eyes wide and hazel, and he nodded too, as though it were for him to approve of her innocence.

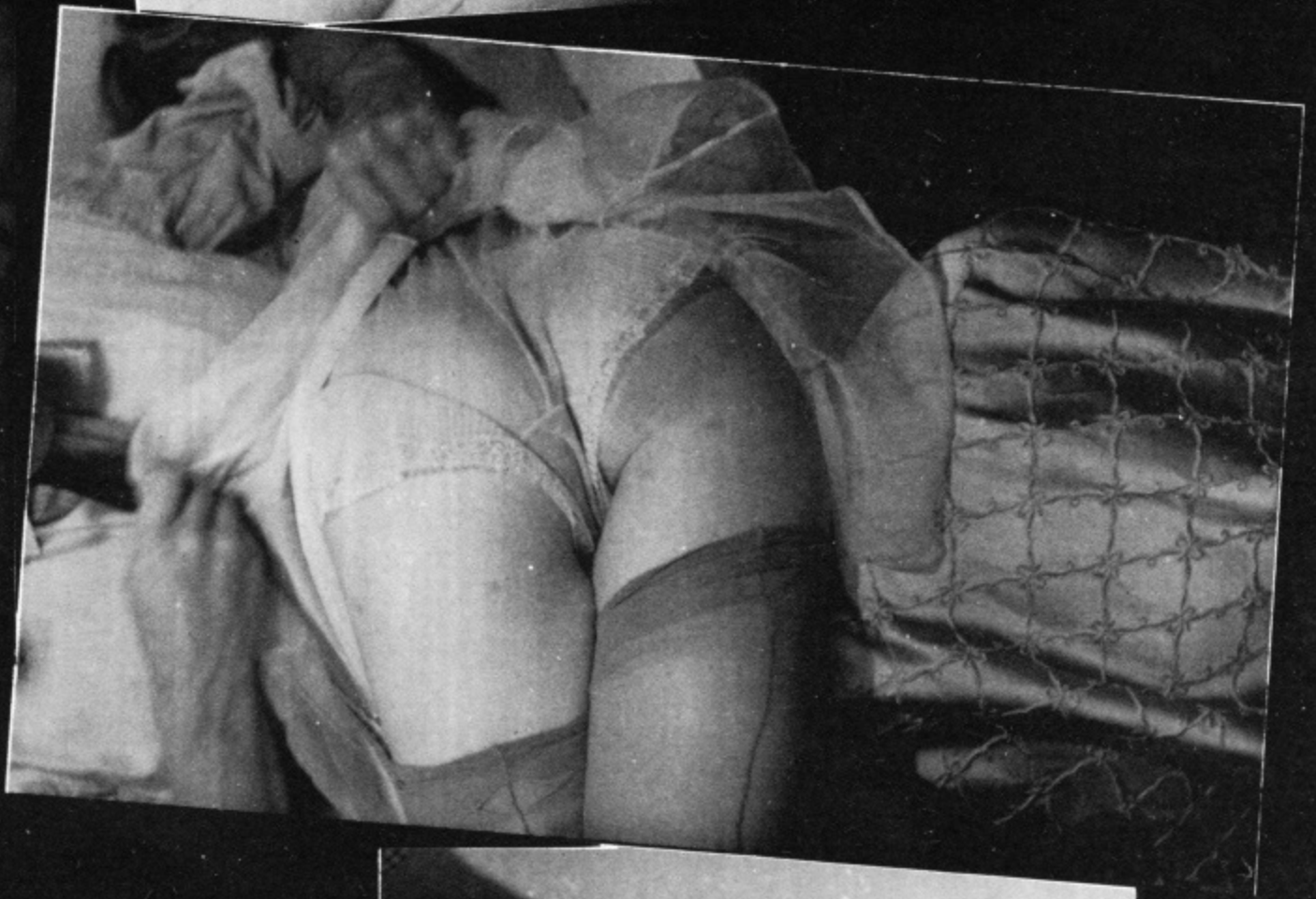
"So you've never, ever, been a naughty girl, humm?"

"N-no sir Um – Uncle Howard." Her eagerness to insist on that point was quite touching – but misguided.

"Splendid," he murmured, but the quiet way he said it didn't succeed in disguising the delight in his voice. "Well now –" She looked up at him with her nervous, bewildered eyes, "– time we put you to bed, eh?" He stood up and said that she might discontinue her kneeling. He looked at her, rather pointedly she thought, then slapped her firmly across the buttocks and gestured towards the door. "Yes indeed, my dear. Time we had you in bed." And as an after thought, in case she was going to make a fuss, he took the cane along with him, though he doubted that he'd need it.



# NOW I REMEMBER WHEN...





The fascinating thing about the two girls is that they never seem to hold a grudge after being caned! Nor do they try to talk their way out of trouble, as so many others do. They seem to understand each other, and him, very well. So well, in fact, that they each like to help him to cane the other; often volunteering hold hands or feet or shoulders, and to put each other into the most awkward positions possible! They both have this capricious little quirk of humour which makes punishing them, singly, or together, a very amusing and rewarding exercise. He rarely punishes one without the other, as they will not 'split' on each other. More often than not the culprit owns-up during her ordeal.

Mr. Hanson has learned how to deal with this, however, having found that the wrong-doer will choose to be caned last. Knowing what she has coming she'll make the most exquisite arrangements for her friend, and help as much as she can, knowing she'll have to submit herself, later...

The bell interrupts his thoughts. He stands up and dismisses the class. They leave the room looking rather subdued, very quietly for a change. He wonders if he could ban the wearing of knickers...

"A very good class, this afternoon, girls," Mr. Hanson says, as he goes into the science lab after school. "Thank you," he adds quietly, and drily.

The two girls both prefects, look at each other. Neither speaks. They stand, nds behind their backs, looking subdued already, as if they both realise now that they've done something wrong.

"Whose idea was it to take their knickers off?"

They glance at each other and shuffle feet awkwardly. Anne blushes faintly, knowing they are in trouble.

"I - um - we thought it would be better, sir," June says quietly. "You were saying the last week how some of the girls spoiled your lessons. And - and how we ought to do something about it, being prefects. We thought we'd stop them that way, so we - um..."

"I thought so!" he nods slowly. "I realise you were trying to help, but... I'd like you to show me how you did it, in case of complaints."

"Er - now?" June asks warily, seeing rough the subtlety of his ploy.

"Um-hum! Now! What happened?" he demands severely. A good act as he's sure there will be no complaints - not from these girls.

# FULL STRETCH





"We – um – got them as they came in. It was easy, we –"

"I can imagine!" he says severely. "Show me!"

The girls look at each other, register alarm. They hadn't expected this. Seconds, then Anne makes for the door without a word. She goes out and closes the door. June stands behind, waiting.

The door opens and Anne strolls in. June steps from behind the door puts one arm round her waist pinning her arms securely, her other hand goes over Anne's mouth and draws her head back until she stares up at the ceiling, helplessly off-balance, wide-eyed, unable to complain.

Mr. Hanson takes in Anne's out-thrust nipples, her widely-spread feet, and her small reflex struggles as June shoves her toward the nearest bench. She submits to being laid across its top reluctantly.

"Now, *she* grabbed their hands, so I could hold them." June says.

"Like this?" He grips Anne's slim wrists and instinctively crosses them in the small of her back. She moans nasally, trying to object.

"Yes, that's right, sir." June takes over holding the crossed wrists firmly and steps to one side. Anne lies there, head up, staring at the opposite wall, with June's hand still over her mouth. She wriggles her hips – about all she can do easily. Her hands waggle forlornly, as June says, "Then, she – um – did it, sir – took their knickers."

"I see. You make it look very easy." he considers this, with Anne trying to look over her shoulder to see what's going to happen to her.

"Perhaps, we should do it to *her*, do you think?" he asks blandly.

"Yes, sir!" June moves a little sideways, to give him more room. He steps up close, turns Anne's short skirt up and slips her knickers down over her soft, full cheeks, and on down to her knees. Anne raises her feet, unasked, so that he can slip her knickers off completely. He stands, trying to look severe, with the knickers dangling from one finger. Anne crosses her ankles and bends her knees, trying to hide what she is now displaying so nicely, but failing. She sighs nervously.

Mr. Hanson takes in her neat pussy and its nest of dark curly hair. He stares at June, who now has an oddly eager look, realising no doubt how Anne must feel and savouring the sexiness of this punishment session. Just as Anne herself probably is, if she would admit it.

"And now, you fix these –" he displays Anne's knickers "to the

board?"

"No, sir," June says, "She did that."

"Alright, June. Let her go now."

While Anne gets to her feet, face flushed and looking ruffled and crestfallen, he considers whether she should now staple her own knickers to the top of the blackboard. In the workshop the old one has been replaced by a modern roller blackboard which runs from floor to ceiling, almost. Finally, he decides, yet – why not?

They both watch Anne climb onto a high stool, to stand on tip-toes *at full stretch*, while she struggles to use the stapler from his desk to fix her knickers to the top rail of the tall frame. She does this, then jumps down, blushing pinkly.

"Neither of you are going to tell me who did it – I mean whose idea it was – are you?" Again the mock-stern tone.

The girls look innocent, but don't speak. He smiles knowingly.

"Then I think this is hardly fair. I think it's June's turn to go out, now, don't you, Anne?" And Anne nods knowing this is a game neither of them have any option about playing. This isn't the first time he's had them both in here.

June gives him an up-from-under look, very eloquent, then moves to the door reluctantly without a word. She goes out and closes the door.

"June may put up rather more of a struggle than you did, Anne."

"Yes, sir," Anne agrees, and goes over to stand behind the door.

June comes in quickly, but Anne snares her easily. She gasps as she is forced down onto the bench, but makes no other cry. Again he takes the unwillingly offered wrists and crosses them. Anne takes them and shoves them so high up June's back she arches up helplessly, squirming.

Again, the sleek hips are unveiled, the attractive curves displayed, and the knickers are slipped down. And *again* the feet are raised unbidden, so high that he barely has to stoop to slip her knickers off.

She relaxes, knowing she has no alternative but to display *her* cute feminine secrets and her curly blonde nest. She adopts a charming position across the bench; slightly pidgeon-toed and with knees pressed together, but this makes very little difference. She makes small sounds of mild protest.

He hands June her knickers and he watches *her* struggle on the tall stool as she staples them alongside Anne's, *at full stretch!*

"I know you won't do it again, girls,

but in spite of your good intentions I'll have to punish you – agreed?" he queries mildly.

The girls nod apprehensively, unwilling to meet his eyes, showing alarm.

"Three strokes each, say?" he suggests. "Facing Mecca, though."

More slow, reluctant nods from both girls. Neither seems to relish his little whimsical suggestion about the position they will adopt.

"Good! Please yourselves who goes first. One of you bring the cane, please."

A last hesitant glance passes between the girls, then they walk to the back of the lab. There are two low benches there, legs shortened for small pupils. On the side wall is a coloured picture of a tall minaret. This may possibly be in Mecca, not that this matters a bit.

Anne pants a little, apprehensively and kneels up on the low bench, while June goes into the store-room for the cane. Mr. Hanson watches as Anne takes up the position of one who prays to Allah; kneeling, knees and feet together neatly, bottom up and head down. She crouches and wriggles to make herself as comfortable as she can, knowing she won't be comfortable for very long.

He raises her short skirt which makes her go a bit trembly.

June comes back with the cane, hiding a conspiratorial smile behind her hand at a sudden thought. Mr. Hanson walks to meet her, so that he can walk back and get a long-range view of Anne's curvy bum and shapely thighs. June whispers something to him. He nods slowly. "Good idea." He sees no reason why he shouldn't exploit the mischievous and vicarious delight these two seem always to derive from embarrassing each other. Anne looks round, no doubt wondering what the 'good idea' may be.

June goes back into the store, and comes out carrying a yard long piece of wood about two inches square. She giggles as she lays this across the backs of Anne's legs, just behind her knees, against her thighs.

"If you'll just grip that for me, please, Anne."

Anne makes a small sound of mild protest, glares sideways at June. Slowly her arms come back either side of her thighs and she grips the wood. June smiles impishly.

"Now pull on it!" he says coolly, interested to see the results.

They both watch as Anne pulls gently. The sharp edges of the wood press into her legs and unwillingly she has to raise her bum *even higher!* Her



hands being down by her knees, now, her head and shoulders are much lower, making her look rather awkward. She mutters, "You wait!"

Mr. Hanson surveys the tense silky bum, elevated, out-thrust and ideally presented. He selects his spot and lays his cane on it across the smooth fulness of Anne's cheeks which clench instantly.

"Ready, Anne?"

"Mmm!" She squirms slowly, unable to keep still now.

He raises the cane, pauses until the quiverings stop and she relaxes slightly. Her fine curves become softer and more yielding.

'Shwitt!' and an instant white line appears across both full cheeks.

"Ah-mmmm!" she gasps, wriggling furiously, bum swinging madly...

'Shwitt!' and another thin white line is indented across the pale satiny curves an inch above the first which has now turned bright red.

Again he raises the cane as Anne squeals "Wow!". He waits, watches her second line turn sore-looking red, noticing her cheeks are flushing to a light pink now, already. He sees she is trying to tuck her dark curly nest in, arching her back since she isn't able to lower her bum.

'Shwitt!' he delivers the final stroke and creates another white line an inch below his first, demoralising her completely.

"Ah!" Anne gasps, shuddering prettily, trying to look back from the corners of her eyes which are now bright with unshed tears.

He and June exchange glances, while Anne holds her position warily, not wanting to earn more strokes by moving too soon, before she's told. Her full cheeks are now a faint pink, with three neatly parallel red lines curved across both. They switch and quiver tensely. June cannot stop herself from uttering a low, "Ooooooh!" of concern, possibly for Anne, much more likely for herself, now that it's *her* turn.

"Right, Anne!" Mr. Hanson sounds reluctant to release her.

"Thank you, sir." She gulps back a suggestion of a sob and discards the piece of wood that has caused her so much humiliation. She kneels up, arches her back and clutches her bum, gasping, "Oh-h-h-h!" Her face is even more flushed than her bottom. She descends from her perch, looking contrite and subdued.

"Come on, June. Your turn!" he says with some relish.

June reluctantly takes Anne's place, and adopts the position slowly. She kneels in the shallow trough down the centre of the bench, as

Anne did, knees together, bottom up and head down. She stares wordlessly now, at Anne, pleading silently. Anne takes no notice at all. She picks up the piece of wood and glances at Mr. Hanson. He nods: yes. She lays the wood across the backs of June's legs without speaking, who reaches back and grips it without a word, now unable to glare at Anne.

"Would you like to raise June's skirt for me, please?"

"Oh, yes, sir." Anne smiles foxily. Now it's *her* turn to gloat.

Seconds, and poor June is naked to her waist, in the very undignified pose that reveals all her female secrets – or *almost* all. Anne smiles wickedly and whispers to Mr. Hanson briefly. He listens, nodding.

"Put your hands between your knees, please, June. Hold the wood that way, if you don't mind."

June tries to do as she's been told, but the central trough of the bench isn't wide enough. She has to kneel astride this so that she can pass her arms between her knees. This raises her bottom *another few inches* and leaves her displaying *all* her charms. Mr. Hanson can now see the soft undercurve of her stomach between her legs, and her cute pussy is completely exposed amid her fine gold pubic hair as she lays the wood over her legs. Her hands appear between her legs, palms upward. She grips the wood and pulls on it which makes her position still better, though perhaps not from her point of view, *elevating her cute bum even higher!* It is clear she is unhappy at the indignity of this position.

"Ready, June?" He tees-up to her flinching bum-cheeks.

She nods and 'Shwit!'. An instant fine white line blazes across her pale cheeks, and she wails "Whee-oooo!" softly, bum-cheeks squeezing madly.

On her pale skin the line seems to turn redder, quicker, until it seems to be glowing almost. Mr. Hanson waits for her to settle down, then, 'Shwitt!' Another fine white line appears like magic below her first, which seemed a bit high to Mr. Hanson. Anne shifts from one foot to the other, knowing how June feels now; hot and humiliated, and probably a little indignant at the way she's being forced to keep her bum up high. An even worse position than she herself had to endure. She senses the hot, furious pain she'll have in her bum, now. And perhaps the odd sensual spasms in her tummy.

June's head is up, now, eyes tightly shut. She shakes her head for some reason, as if she's saying no! But she

isn't, this is all she can do without earning more strokes – and she knows it!

Mr. Hanson notices her delicately displayed pussy is beginning to pout moistly; Anne notices his interest.

"Shall I clear up, sir?" she asks, a model of discretion.

"No need, thanks. Off you go, now, June won't be long."

"Right, sir." Anne grins knowingly. At least *she* has managed to avoid the final ignominy this time, though this has happened to *her* on other occasions when her lack of self-control has been noticed.

She decides to remember the idea of the piece of wood and the hands between the knees. The problem is, of course: June will remember it also. She goes to retrieve her knickers, feeling vaguely jealous that it isn't *her* he's keeping behind.

Mr. Hanson waits until Anne leaves, and closes the door, then he delivers his final stroke, lower still on the smooth under-curves of June's pliant bottom-cheeks at the soft spot where they would crease if they weren't so high and tight. A last sharp – 'Shwitt!' and a last soft cry, and it's all over. Or nearly all over.

By the time her last stripe has flamed up into its full rosy redness June is pouting beautifully. Her sensitive pale skin has responded to the cane and is now flushed a nice rosy pink in the area of her three bright red lines.

June keeps quite still, apart from her long slim fingers which grip the wood across the backs of her thighs nervously now. She dare not move yet, and knows it. She gasps softly, unable to prevent what is about to happen, aware that Mr. Hanson knows this very well indeed, feeling ashamed that he knows, too, that she wants him to do it to her, or at the very least that she won't tell tales afterwards. A conspiracy of silence, and *she* as guilty as he.

"Stay there, June. You needn't hold the wood so tightly now."

June sighs softly. Her full lower lip is between her nice teeth now, gripped firmly to prevent herself from squealing, if she can. She dare not relax her grip on the wood; knows she'll grip it much harder soon.

"I may have caned you too hard," he says, "I'll put some cream on it." He doesn't say on what.

She peaks almost at the first touch of his gentle fingers, moaning quietly. She 'comes' as discreetly as she can. A little later Mr. Hanson brings her her knickers. Suddenly overcome by shyness she takes them gratefully and scampers for the door.





A final glimpse of Angela – see more in the video.



# PREPOSITIONS

Neulik has been sent by her father from her home in the East Indies to be given an 'English Education'. Her father has read an advertisement in "The Times" and has simply packed her off to the UK on the strength of a phone call to the gentleman whose advertisement he read, assuming his eastern way that any advertisement in "The Times" will somehow be imbued with the same respectability that the publication itself is reputed to have. Neulik herself, having no clear idea before she came what an 'English Education' might be, has struggled dutifully to follow her fathers wishes and acquire an English veneer assuming that her father had been fully appraised of her teachers methods before ever he sent her. Six weeks into her one-year course and she is learning, though it is a painful process.

Today, the lesson is prepositions. Broadly speaking, Neulik is the subject, and she begins by taking OFF her school uniform.

"Take off your knickers first." "I will take off my knickers first. I am taking off my knickers first." It is tenses, too. It is always tenses.

"Where are you putting your hands?" "Into my skirt?"

"YOU ARE PUTTING YOUR HANDS UP UNDER YOUR SKIRT." He whacks Neulik's broad bum in capital letters, one whack a word, with two for the prepositions.

"I am putting..." "WILL PUT." (Not quite fair, this, John).

"I WILL PUT my hands up under my skirt." She has an endearing way of shouting the smack words, as if she is punishing herself again for her carelessness. The fun of these sessions is all for teacher, the tone is dead serious and the strokes are rare punishment. Neulik manages to get out of her knickers without incurring any more whacks. "Kneel down. Kneel down on the floor."

"I will knill down. I will knill down on the floor." Her pronunciation fails to satisfy. There is a drill for that:

"KNEEL!" She cries, "Kneel, kneel, kneel, kneel, kneel, kneel, kneel, kneel..." She must continue until he says "Good", or until she is corrected again.

"Kneel, kneel, kneel, kneel, kneel, kneel..." "KNEEL!" The strap cracks down mercilessly.

"KNEEL, KNEEL, kneel, kneel, kneel." "Good. Undo my belt."

"I will undo my belt." "YOUR belt." A triple whack here, she had already done pronouns.

"I will undo YOUR belt, I am undoing YOUR belt." "Now take it off from round my waist."

"Now I will take it off from round your west." "WAIST!" The thick wide strap cracks against the kneeling girl's buttocks.

"WAIST, waist, waist, waist." "I am taking YOUR belt off from round your west."

"WAIST!" Crack!

"WEST!"

"WAIST!" Crack!

"WEST!"

"WAIST!" Crack! "WAIST!" Crack! "WAIST!" Crack, crack, crack, crack!

"Ai! WAIST, WAIST, WAIST, waist, waist, waist, waist, waist, waist."

"Good."

"I am taking your belt off from round your waist, sir."

With soft girl-fingers she unthreads the stiff leather from the retaining loops on his trousers, and respectfully slides the heavy belt from round his body.

The kneeling girl hands the belt up to him. Heavy as it is (it was chosen with girls' bottoms in mind) it is yet much lighter than the strap; but it is longer, and in the circumstances more difficult - and more interesting - to apply.

"Where does the strap go?" "Ticklish one this! But she should know it."

"In the hook... er... by the wall?" She cannot keep the questioning tone out of her voice.

"Lift up your skirt." She will get her first belt correction on her bare bottom.

"I will lift up my skirt. I am lifting up my skirt." Neulik's magnificent naked rump is presented for the strap.

"THE STRAP GOES ON THE HOOK ON THE WALL!" The didactic rhythm of the belt is much slower than the strap; and because Neulik was told this one before, Neulik must have it repeated to her.

"THE STRAP GOES ON (thwack, THWACK) THE HOOK (thwack, THWACK) ON THE WALL!"

"The strap goes ON the ook..." "HOOK!" Again the belt snakes round her stinging nates.

"HOOK, Hook, Hook, Hook, Hook, Hook, Hook, Hook, Hook, Hook."

"Good. Put it there."

The frightening strap is held out to her, and she can't understand what he has told her. Neulik has only one recourse in such circumstances: she embraces her teachers ankles and hefts her bottom high in the air. Surprisingly, the hand of retribution is stayed.

"Put the strap on the hook on the wall."

"I will put the strap," she takes it reverently, "ON the Hook ON the wall!" With one graceful motion she is standing. "I am putting the strap ON the Hook ON the wall," and with great



and serious concentration she hangs the wicked leather in its place.

With many painful interruptions, Neulik divests herself of more of her clothes, at the same time absorbing English prepositions, most of them by way of her reddening behind, itself, as John learnedly reflects, named from a preposition, a kind of preposition incarnate.

Encouraged now by the belt, Neulik diligently reports her progress to her mentor: "My hands are UP BEHIND my back UNDER my blouse to undo my bra... I will slide my skirt OVER my hips and DOWN my legs ONTO the floor."

She looks charming in stockings, suspender belt and blouse. John decides that it is time for a break; that is to say, Neulik makes coffee for him and serves it to him on a little tray, kneeling.

Then John thinks of something else: "Stand up."

Taking great care not to spill the coffee, Neulik stands, bending forward a little to bring the mug close to John's hand. But his hand reaches round her and presses her bottom.

"Stand straight."

Now the coffee is nearly out of reach.

"Closer!" He snaps his fingers. She is made to edge up to him until her knees are almost touching his elbow.

"STRAIGHT!" He smacks her bottom – lightly, he doesn't want coffee all over him.

Now the coffee is a trifle high. John rest his little finger on the tray and presses gently, forcing the girl to lower it, down, right down to the full length of her arms. She is holding it a little away from her, but he corrects that, forcing it into her body, until the tray is resting across the top of her thighs, and the steaming mug is practically resting against her sweet hairless pubes.

John is very busy and corrects three essays. Neulik isn't sure she likes the feel of the warm coffee cup so close to her. When John reaches for it he gropes absent-mindedly, also when he puts it back.

The lesson resumes: "I am putting high-heeled shoes..."

"HEELED!"

"HEELED!" heeled, heeled, heeled," etc. "I am putting high-HEELED shoes on my feet... I will walk up and down the room on high-heeled shoes."

The constraint imposed by the elegant Italian shoes on Neulik's exuberant physique is deliciously sexy in its effect. John has taken it upon himself to train her to walk properly in high-heels.

Up and down the room she goes IN

(ouch!) her high-heeled shoes. Her hindquarters are temptingly framed by the suspender straps, and the artificial tip-toes posture accentuates the movement of her haunches; for some time she must keep her hands UP ON her head; this arrangement, besides bringing her figure, and especially her tits, into further prominence, allows freer delivery of the belt, which requires a more generous swing round onto the target than the strap.

Reports progress: "I am putting the book ON my head... I will walk WITH the book ON my head OVER TO the desk to get the chain FOR my teacher..."

"Where am I putting the chain?"

"You are putting the chain by..."

"THROUGH!" Neulik has a weakness for the word "by" and it usually gets her into trouble.

You are putting the chain TROUGH..."

"THROUGH!"

"THROUGH, Through, Through, Through..." she nearly spits her teeth out.

"Good."

"You are putting the chain through the ring of my collar."

"IN YOUR COLLAR!"

John's hands are occupied with the chain, so instead of belting Neulik's bottom and thighs, he simply smacks the nearest available bit of bare Neulik that he can find to make his points about prepositions and pronunciation. Neulik wriggles, and the book slips from her head onto the floor. She knows exactly what she must do now. "The book has fallen DOWN ONTO the floor!" she cries. "I must bend DOWN to pick it UP OFF the floor. I must not get UP, I must wait WITH the book IN my hands to be beaten WITH the belt FOR dropping the book."

Positioned with her lovely legs stretched tight in the bent over position, Neulik is a target for some of John's fanciest strokes. She wriggles and yelps with pain, but remains dutifully bent.

At last, with a distinctly redder bottom than before, she stands up for him to attach the chain. She walks round him with her rump constantly presented at the best distance to apply the belt. For John also it is a training session – in the skilled art of thrashing a moving target, for to get a telling cut in every time, a good meaty contact with Neulik's bum or thigh demands concentration. It is an ideal opportunity to improve his technique. His efforts are rewarded by sharp squeals from Neulik and little sidelong skitters of discomfort that set her soft flesh judgering.

He introduces a variation in the drill. "I will put my knees UP and DOWN... I am marking time smartly... I will get my knees up, there will be a good girl... LIKE A GOOD GIRL, I will get my knees up LIKE a good girl." The tip of the belt is always there, snaking up under a plump thigh to make sure that she is indeed a good girl and gets her knees well up.

The skill required to catch the tender underhang of Neulik's round thigh with a solid flick of the belt just as it reaches the horizontal and the delicious sight of the alternation of her haunches, now bunched and now curving in the vigorous rhythm of her steps brings out the artist in John. The tip of the belt flickers back and forth, the ripple down the supple leather translating into sharp contact of the belt with bare flesh.

Neuliks naked tits are joining in the dance as her chest heaves with the effort of the exercise. She has a tendency to lean forward, and John corrects this by cracking the belt up on the underside of her breasts, jolting the girl upright with a merry tinkle of the chain.

These bursts of discipline are followed by quieter periods, as Neulik struts meekly round him and the belt relaxes its vigilance. She rapidly regains command of her balance on these alien shoes, and her long legs step out with increasing elegance. She is almost too confident, virtually striding round the little circle. The belt cracks at the back of her legs.

"Shorter steps!" and "Slower!"

It takes a few more smacks and some admonitory jerks on the chain to slow her down sufficiently, but before long the big beauty is positively mincing along, bottom wagging and tits dancing out of all proportion to her forward – or rather circular – progress.

In a burst of creativity, John invents one more high-heeled exercise to make Neulik suffer. By his floor-to-ceiling bookshelf he has a lovely old wooden step-ladder on the original castors, four steps up to a little platform, four steps down the other side. She must climb these steps in her high heels and down again, and on round in the circle, up the steps again, and so on. This is quite difficult on the tiny steps, and delicious she looks doing it, exposing herself in new ways to the wicked ministrations of the belt. He has to remember to hold the chain well up as she mounts.

He decides to use a slender whip at the next session. Also, he will make her mark time at the top of the steps, and learn to go up and down backwards.

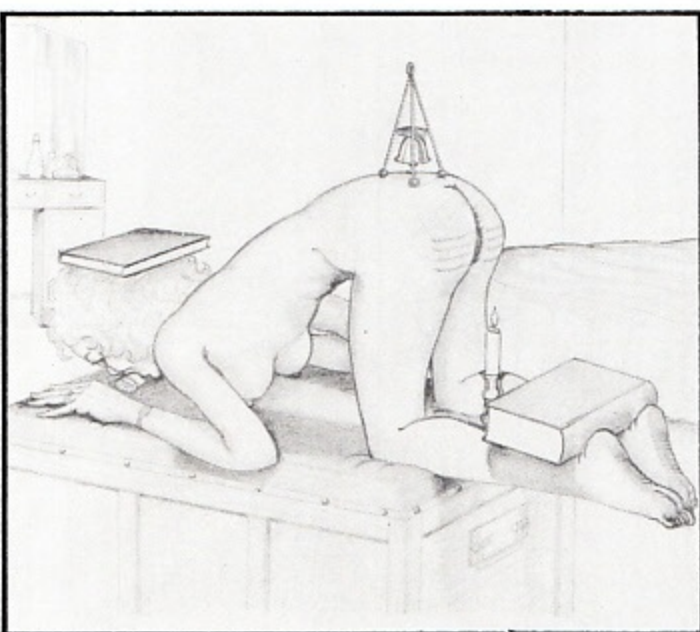






The pretty blonde girl lies on her back on the bed in the luxurious bedroom. Her long slim legs slope down to the floor unsupported. Her ankles are crossed neatly, one heel sunk into the thick carpet. Her arms are tucked beneath the small of her back; both her hands are out of sight. She has an expression of mild alarm, blue eyes big and wide.

# BELL BOOK AND CANDLE



The bedside clock-radio shows the time as 9:20 p.m.

She lies there relaxed, but quite rigidly; not daring to move. Her shapely breasts move slightly as she breathes shallowly and rapidly, displaced fluidly sideways by her position, nipples uptilted pertly.

She has a marvellous figure; slim and shapely, with a narrow waist that flares out to full hips. Apart from her very brief lacy knickers she is quite naked, though she wears a heavy gold chain round her neck. Her toenails are neatly painted deep red, and brightly varnished.

She lies there in the warm, dim room with only a subdued bedside light on. The curtains of thick velvet are drawn together. There is no sound but the tick of the clock and her soft breathing. The soft light throws exciting, deep shadows on her softly curved body. She rolls her head slowly, until she can look to her left...

The man she stares at stands in front of her dressing table with his back to her. He looks down at the things he has there, considering them carefully, smiling coldly. He takes no notice of the blonde girl, beyond giving her a quick glance in the mirror to see that she stays still, as he has arranged her. He knows she dare not move very much, if she dares to move at all! he will hear her merest wriggle, it is so quiet – and she knows it. Such obedience is a fine character builder!

Finally, he turns and strides silently over to look down at her. She is so tense now that her full lower lip is clenched tight between her teeth to force herself to keep quiet. She is not allowed to make any noise either. And she knows this well! Any noise or movement means she'll have to take more punishment. She stares up in silence, pleading eloquently with her eyes alone. This is all she can do!

The man smiles, but takes no notice. He extends his hand away from his side, but doesn't speak. She knows what she has to do now, but for a long moment she refuses, then she raises her feet and lets him grip her crossed ankles, closing her eyes hopelessly as he does so.

Now she has no chance at all! She shudders knowing she is about to be spanked into total submission. This is to soften her up for a caning later. After this she's not sure what may happen, though from the mood her husband is in, and the way she feels already it will probably be frantically sexual and terribly exciting for them both. It often is!

She feels him grip her ankles more firmly as he raises her legs until her feet point helplessly toward the ornate ceiling. She dares not bend her knees now. Seconds, and her legs are vertical, her feet pointing now to the wall above the bed headboard. Her hips are beginning to rise a little now, but still he moves her legs slowly, further exposing more and more of her attractive bottom. She lies quite still and allows him to do this to her. Paying for her small sins, as he tells her.

Finally, he tucks her ankles under his arm and sits down on the bed with one foot under him. Now she is forced to stare up at her own legs and feet. Sudden hot internal reactions start her long legs quivering even before he begins to spank her. He puts his hand across the backs of her knees to make sure he has a firm hold on her legs.

She sighs softly in anticipation as he raises his hand high, pauses, then slaps it down to connect with her defenceless buttocks making them bounce attractively. She refuses to make a sound. Her breath makes a sharp hiss as she breathes between

her clenched teeth in a single sharp gasp of pain and surprise. This is allowed, fortunately for her. He begins to spank her defenceless bum steadily, smiling.

This goes on for some time, during which her pale shapely bum-cheeks change from their normal pale satiny sheen, through a blotchy pink and red, to a much deeper pink with bright red fingermarks, to an almost uniformly angry crimson colour. Her eyes are closed tight as she fights to keep still and quiet, to keep her spanking as short as possible. Again her full sensual lower lip is firmly between her teeth.

Deep in her mind she is pleased he hasn't put the main bedroom lights on. She knows she must be pouting down there already now; her hot pussy aches and galvanic impulses run from her punished bottom through the whole of her pretty body. Luckily, the low light makes a deep shadow there.

He stops spanking her before she makes herself too obvious. One tangy whiff of hot arousal from her and he'll spank her to a conclusion – until she's forced to her peak and climaxes hotly. This is the final humiliation she hopes to avoid. Later, probably – but not yet!

She feels him submit her to the next shameful indignity as her tiny knickers are tugged gently back over her hot bum-cheeks. They cling moistly at the top of her thighs. She tries to hold them there, but he pulls them down almost to her knees, as far as he can. This reduces her almost to a naughty little girl having her knickers taken down for a spanking. But little girls are not spanked as she is being spanked. Or for the same reasons; none of which she can help.

"Now, you little witch," he growls, "have you had enough?"

"Mmmm!" she replies instantly. "MMM-mmmm!"

"You can think about that now, for a while."

She nods warily, says, "Mmm," very softly. Tonight she's got off much better than she usually does; either that, or she's getting used to being spanked – probably a bit of both. She still lies there, with her pants round her knees and her feet pointing toward the headboard of her bed. Her hands are still trapped beneath her back with almost all her weight on them. Apart from rolling her head and wagging her feet she still cannot move at all. Nor does she try!

He shakes his hand quickly. He's spanked her so hard it's stinging. He grins, trying to guess what her curvaceous bum must feel like. He is a big well-built, rangy person; wide shoulders a deep chest. And very big



powerful hands, as she knows only too well.

He sighs deeply, stands up and eases her legs back until they can see each other and they are resting on his shoulder, still pointing up to the ceiling. Again his hand rests on her knees, forcing her to keep her long legs straight. ending her knees isn't allowed her.

"I think you're about ready now," he says softly, smiling coolly down at her. "Will you do as you're told?"

"MMM!" she agrees quickly, nodding apidly.

He lowers her feet, still holding her ankles in one hand. His other hand puos the panties further down. She uncrosses her ankles and takes one foot out. He slips the wispy garment free of her other foot and lets her go. She lowers her legs and recrosses her ankles, one heel again deeply sunk into the soft carpet.

He stands there above her now, with her panties dangling from his fingers, thinking about something. Nothing to her advantage, of course.

"Kneel up on there." He points to the long narrow bedding chest at the foot of his bed, then strides to it and pulls it out into the centre of the room. She gets up from the bed and meekly kneels up on its upholstered top without a word, though she hates the undignified pose.

She takes up the required crouched pose carefully. There isn't too much space on the narrow chest for this, but she does it; feet hanging off one end, her forehead barely on the other, and her sleek back nicely arched so that her bottom is presented perfectly for his attention with the cane later. Her hands are at each side of her head, with her arms bent at her elbows. She takes her weight evenly on her hands, elbows and her knees. Now she is naked apart from her heavy golden chain which is not visible having slid down under her curly blonde hair.

He stands by her side, positioning her as he wants her, noticing how her firm, full breasts swing and jiggle as they hang freely suspended now. Her nipples barely clear the top of the chest when he's finally satisfied. She sighs softly again. Now she'll have to hold her wickedly exposed crouch until he chooses to cane her, later. She's in no discomfort, apart from her blazing bottom, but the thought that she is displaying all her secrets, no longer in the shadow cast by the bedside lamp, but in his full view now, makes her madly indignant.

He loves to put her into these very humiliating positions and make her hold them, any movement meaning she collects further strokes later.

"Comfortable there?" he asks his usual ridiculous question.

"Mmmm," she says, wondering how he can expect her to be comfortable after the spanking he's just given her.

"Anything to say?" he asks in a soft concerned tone.

"Handkerchief, please," she says in a pleading tone.

He walks away opens a drawer and comes back with a clean handkerchief. A big one of his, she sees from the corner of her eye. He folds this into a thick short cylinder and holds it down for her, by her head. She raises her head, opens her moth and he slips it between her nice, big even teeth. She clamps her teeth on it firmly and subsides again. Tonight she's very lucky. The handkerchief makes it much easier for her to keep quiet. Often he refuses to allow her to have one.

"Just to make sure you don't move," he says softly, and places something cool on her back in the centre of the flat area at the base of her spine, above the swell of her buttocks. This is something new; he hasn't done this to her before. She feels its weight but has no idea what it may be. She crouches, silent and apprehensive, waiting...

"Wriggle!" he says sharply. "Go on, let me see you squirm."

She does, waggles her bum slowly from side to side; all she can do in that position. Her nipples brush the upholstery lightly and a small silvery bell begins to tinkle to surprise her. This is a new trick!

"Stop!" he says, and chuckles icily. "Now I'll hear you move!"

She stops wriggling. He's put a bell on her and she daren't take it off. Nor can she move without ringing the damned thing! A hot flush of shame runs through her. And now she can't even complain, or she'll lose the handkerchief he's allowed her to have.

"Head up, now."

Slowly she raises her head; stops staring down at the carpet and sees the skirting board, then the wall, fainally her dressing table. And feels another small weight on the back of her head! When he moves away she sees in the morror she is balancing a thin book on her head! She fumes in silent anguish.

"One extra, if you ring the bell. Three more if you lose the book. Okay?" He chuckles softly, knowing she can't even nod now, to agree, or even say her usual, Mmm – not that this matters – he's got her and there's nothing she can do about it now.

"Waggle your feet" he tells her, trying to keep amusement out of his voice. "Left for yes, right for no," he adds drily.

Stubbornly she refuses; keeps both

feet still.

"That's mutiny!" he says, surprised. "You know what you'll get for that, don't you!"

Reluctantly she waggles her left foot, feeling absolutely ridiculous with a book balanced on her head. At least, when he's gone she'll be able to settle down carefully into a more relaxed position. He always leaves her to think over her small misdemeanours, convinced this turns her on.

"That's better-r-r," he says, chuckling. "You don't mind me calling you my little witch, do you?"

She waggles her right foot, wondering what he's driving at now. "Good! We'll fix you up like one, then."

Now what? she wonders.

He goes back to the dressing table. She hears the flick of his lighter and sees a small yellow glow a few seconds later. He comes back holding a tall candle in an antique-looking brass candlestick. The candle is lit! She tried to imagine what he can possibly do with that!

"Knees further apart." She sees him in the mirror, behind her. And feels instantly very vulnerable indeed. "Come on!"

She eases her knees apart reluctantly.

"More!" he snaps. "Don't be so modest; it doesn't become you!"

She gives up and moves her knees much wider apart, hopelessly.

He stoops quickly and puts the candle down out of her sight. She can't see where in the mirror, but she knows it won't be to her advantage. She waggles her right foot furiously, but he doesn't even notice. He brings another book from the dressing table and stoops to balance this one across her legs just above her heels. This is a much thicker, heavier book. The weight stops her from raising her feet.

"There you are! A real witch." Again he chuckles wickedly. "Bell books, and candle – it suits you marvellously. "Move now, witch!"

She stays quite still, not that she can move very much in any case.

"Go on – try!" he urges her in an amused tone.

Slowly she waggles her bottom. And feels the small heat of the candle at the tops of her thighs! The candle is right behind her! The bell rings softly. A warning!

"Settle down a little. Make yourself comfortable; you may be there for a short while. I think I've earned a coffee, now."

She has no alternative but to do as she's told. She allows her knees to bend slowly. And feels the low heat building up – ON HER PUSSY!! She jerks up again, tinkling the bell.



Another soft warning! She seeths silently, heightened by the way he stands by her side looking very smug and clever, chuckling that wicked chuckle of his.

To add insult to injury he stoops and runs a slow fingernail down her spine, until she sets the bell tinkling helplessly. Luckily the bell itself stops him from going further; running his finger on down her cleft and to her hot aching pussy as he often does when she can't do a thing to stop him. She groans deep in her throat, very softly.

"Suddenly the doorbell rings!

"I'd better go and answer that," he says, adding blithely, I wonder who it is."

He goes out, but leaves the door open. With her facing away from it!

She crouches there helpless. Afraid to move! So tense her curls are quivering and slipping down over her face. She moves her hands cautiously; one to steady the book on her head, the other behind her to keep that bell quiet. Increasing heat on the underside of her hot, sensitive bum warns her to keep it up high. She raises it higher, fuming.

Downstairs she hears him open the door, talking to someone. A light FEMALE voice answers him. No, its not her Mother, thank heaven! Who can it be, at this time? She has no idea of the time, now, but knows it must be fairly late. She hears voices, but not their words. He laughs lightly. She joins in!

She gasps as rapid feet come up the stairs softly. The door opens and he's caught her! Her hands should be flat, by her head!

"That's cheating!" he says softly. "Good thing I came up."

She puts her hands back where they should be as quickly as she can.

He leaves her. Water runs in the bathroom. In no time he's back. She can't see him! Where is he?

Suddenly he grips her wrist, says, "Give me your hand," in that odd sharp tone he uses. She does!

He straightens her arm, so that it points behind her, then slips something cool and fairly heavy and smoothly round into her hand, saying, "Hold that, and don't spill it. Two more if you do!" He very quickly does the same thing with her other arm, leaving her clutching, she realises, two glasses of water.

The only thing she can do is to move her arms so that they rest against her hips, to steady them. He's gone back downstairs before she's done this. Now she is truly helpless and dare not move at all in any way! She is reminded in the midst of her self-pity and humiliation, by the mounting

warmth on her bottom, to stick it up higher.

She hears him coming upstairs again quickly, she is still in the same humiliating helpless position, bottom very high now. he opens the door and she feels the cool air on her hot bum which is facing it.

"Helen's here." He says, teasing. "She wants to see you." She waggles her right foot frantically. He says nothing. In sheer desperation she spits out his handkerchief and gasps, "No! No! I don't want her to see me like this!"

"Okay, lady-witch," he says, "please yourself – but I can't see why. You look terrific from here. So calm and obedient. And so damned sexy!"

He goes back downstairs and Kath feels sweat trickling into her eyes. More low conversation downstairs. Helen calls up, "Bye, Kath."

The door is closed, and locked. His feet come up the stairs again, slowly. He comes into the bedroom, and says, "She's gone."

He gazes at the object of his fondest interest, softly lit by the golden light of the candle below it. Kath's exciting curves appeal to him strongly, as does the hint of moisture in the attractive golden hair below her shapely cleft. He's never known her look so damned enticing. She looks ready to take her caning now, quivering and sighing softly, both glasses of water still full, with not a trace on the carpet below her unsteady hands. A few strokes of the cane will provoke her into hot arousal – especially if she takes it as she is now. Helpless she always responds furiously.

"Please?" she asks mildly.

He perches on the edge of the dressing table she faces. "Pardon?"

"Hanky!" She gazes up at him wide-eyed, pleading, not wanting to have to take any more than the three strokes they agreed on. He often agrees to three, knowing she'll make it double, or more, by yelping. Tonight he's been so successful, she'll only need three. He picks up the hanky, refolds it and puts it between her teeth.

She waggles her hands carefully, so as not to spill her water. He knows she wants to be rid of them, and why not? He takes both glasses from her and puts them on the dressing table. Obediently she puts her hands by the sides of her head.

"Ready?" He chuckles wickedly. "That's four now, for talking."

The book rocks precariously as she tries to nod, accepting this calmly.

He takes out the cane and swishes it to and fro, slashing the air. The sound it makes seems to agitate her nicely. He chooses his spot on her fascinating

bum that is offered so nicely still, and lays the cool cane to her hotly sensitive skin.

She clenches her cheeks instantly, until she's quivering slightly.

Just for fun he stoops and moves her candle a bit closer and her bum rises a little. He moves it back a little, only teasing.

'Shwit' – and the pale line appears instantly. Her hips squirm slowly as she lowers her bottom instinctively, only to raise it as she feels the mild heat of her candle. She makes a low husky sound, deep in her throat. Her fingers twitch tensely. She doesn't need to hold the two glasses of water now. The bell on her back tinkles softly, but doesn't ring, amazingly. Nor when he gives her another fiery stripe!

He waits for her to calm down, then 'Shwitt! and another instant fine line appears across her full, bouncy cheeks, and she claws her fingernails into the material she's crouched on, using her thumbs to keep her head steady so that she doesn't lose her thin book.

Small beads of sweat are showing on her back before he reluctantly raises the cane again. He waits until she crouches quite still, now looking much more moist as she reacts hopelessly, her golden-blond pubic fleece much darker and less crisply curly.

"One to go!" he says, making her cringe, waiting for it.

'Shwit!' – another thin pale line glows across her offered cheeks, and again she dips her bum by instinct, only to raise it yet again. He drops the cane and stands behind her, watches her last line turn bright red to match her others.

She spits out the hanky and pleads "Oh, please!" She wails huskily, "Ple-e-e-ease!"

She is exactly the right height and in the perfect position. He takes the bell from her back, throws it on the bed. The two books hit the carpet with dull thuds, and he gets rid of the candle. She spreads, ready for him; wet and musky, writhing desperately.

He steadies her hips. She is so beautifully warm and wet he enters with no drama.

She squeals softly, giving herself unreservedly.

He leans over her, panting, matching her urgent breathing. His hands find her firm breasts. Her nipples are as hard as small ripe berries. One gentle touch and a little friendly squeeze is enough to start her off again. He pays no attention to her soft squeal.

He whispers innocently, "Let's see if I can do that again?" In due course, she finds that he can do just that.



## KENILWORTH CAPERS

Ellen Barker

The author of "Approved School Report", in the first issue of *Blushes*, taking for his text a minute preserved in Public Record Office File No. HO45/14545, has certainly provided your readers with food for thought on the perennial controversy as to whether naughty schoolgirls are best punished on the hands or the bottom.

The various papers referred to in the following article have been sent to the editor in facsimile, but are too lengthy to be published here.

I can readily vouch for the absolute authenticity of the document you reproduced. During recent public argument on the same kind of controversy I myself testified in the columns of a national newspaper to the deterrent effect of having been obliged, as a fifth-former of 15 detected in a second offence of smoking, to "remove my skirt and bend over for eight real stingers with only the thinnest of summer pants between my seat and the stick", the whipping being administered "by a lithe and athletic young deputy head armed with some 3ft of extremely whippy malacca and a strong wrist and muscular arm". The conclusion I then offered – that whereas hand-caning was "a risky practice, a good whipping with a light stick and minimal protection to the portion of the anatomy designed for the purpose by Mother Nature is both absolutely safe and far more effective" – generated a large amount of support in both public and private correspondence. I found descriptions of the disciplinary system of that reformatory in the 1920's amply confirmed in HO45/14545, both in the document you reproduced and in other reports in the same file.

Having studied all these documents, however, I must seriously respond to the challenge set out in your article. Plainly, the file has only been preserved for the historical light it throws on the "hands versus bottoms" controversy in the context of the punishment of *really naughty* girls. It is equally plain that the authorities then (in 1923) vehemently concurred in the views which I expressed some sixty years later – on the basis of canings personally experienced during the 1960's – regarding the superior deterrent effect of bottom-discipline. But it is no less plain that a preference for the latter on the part of the authorities can be explained on other grounds that the supposed sexual implications of punishment on the posterior.

This is perhaps best illustrated by

reference to some of the other documents in the Kenilworth file which your earlier commentator did *not* cite. The earliest, chronologically, is the report of 30 May 1923 in which the Chief Inspector (Dr. Norris) graphically describes both the rioting at the school and the methods adopted to quell the disturbance. As to the former, let Dr. Norris's account speak for itself in view of the serious criticism of his disciplinary methods implicit in your analysis:

"On May 8th (1923) I received a telephone message from the new Superintendent of this School, Miss (Margaret) Langley, to the effect that most of the girls were defying the staff, smashing windows and doors, refusing to obey orders and declining to do any work. One girl, Florence Loch, had threatened to attack the staff with a knife and refused to go to bed at 2 in the morning, and was doing such material damage to the school and inciting the others to riot to an extent which made the Superintendent call in the assistance of the police. A police inspector and sergeant came and, in a moment of surprise, this girl of 18 caught the Inspector by the throat, got him on the ground and sat on his head. On the sergeant coming to the rescue she bit him in the arm, the teeth penetrating the flesh to the bone."

Just over a week after this charming little exhibition, Dr. Norris continues,

"Mrs. Rotherham, a manager, called here and informed me that the school for some days had been in an almost continuous state of riot. Girls had been out half the night, some of them had even spent the night on motor lorries, two... visiting London. The police had attempted to secure the absconders. Windows and doors had been broken; the staff isolated, and all the girls, with the exception of about eight, were disobeying orders."

Clearly feeling that so drastic a situation required his personal intervention, Norris went down post-haste to Kenilworth,

"where I found three girls under 16 had barricaded themselves in one of the dormitories and refused to open the door and were then smashing windows and the panel of the door."

Many readers of *Blushes* might be forgiven for feeling that it was a case crying out for the sort of "wholesale

bare-bottomed caning of ... teenage girls" which the author of "Approved School Report" suggests may then have ensued! But a careful analysis of the filed documents suggests – and my private informant confirmed – that nothing so intemperate actually occurred. Three things, however, *did* happen. Firstly, Dr. Norris continues in his own report,

"I found one girl of 15 (Dora Help) had been the ringleader for some days amongst the juniors and I advised the Superintendent to inflict corporal punishment *which she did forthwith.*"

Of the details of the one single initial punishment, more anon. But in the meantime, secondly, and immediately after breakfast,

"two of the worst offenders amongst the older girls (Hannah Turner and Violet Bateman) who were then under arrest were brought before the Leamington Petty Session ... and after much pressure on my part the Magistrate ... ultimately sent these two girls to Borstal."

After which, the Inspector tells us, thirdly and lastly

"I then proceeded to the school and addressed all the girls ... and informed (them) that severe and drastic steps would be taken to establish discipline in the school, that any senior girl continuing any insubordination would be forthwith charged before the Magistrates and sent to Borstal and that any of the younger girls would be corporally punished *and I informed them of the extent to which this could be carried out.*"

In those last words – "I informed them of the extent to which this could be carried out" – we have the key to the psychology of the Inspector's approach to a bunch of extremely naughty girls whom he describes elsewhere as being

"of a hooligan type (with).... no training whatever.... not particularly ensitive and (who) cannot therefore be appealed to in the same way as a girl who has been better trained."

Dr. Norris simply gave these "insensitive hooliganesses", in other words a long, extremely graphic and deliverately embarrassing lecture about the whipping of bottoms in general and *their* young-womanly bottoms in particular! It was copiously illustrated, as I gathered from my informant, by anecdotes; including



a blow-by-blow account of the "six of the best" which had only a few hours earlier been applied by Miss Langley, under his personal superintendence, to the thinly-bloomered bottom of young Dora with the exceptionally supple "boys-reformatory grade" rattan he had brought down with him from London and presented to the Superintendent for that very purpose. When Norris described, therefore, the difficulty the members of his teenage audience would experience in sitting down after a seat-of-the-knickers caning, the girls only had to look at their fellow inmate to see exactly what he meant. There was naughty young Dora squirming about on the hard wooden form for all the world as if she had "ants in her pants". When Norris, lifting the yellowy rattan from the table beside him on the dais and flexing it between his outstretched hands, spoke of "red marks on the bottom of any girl in this school who shows the slightest sign of insubordination in future", they knew what he was talking about – for had not young Dora but recently slipped down her regulation bloomers to display to all and sundry the scarlet weals neatly ladder- ing her own jutty bottom following a passage of arms with that same cane? When he graphically dwelt on the *aural* effects of the posterior punishment of teenage girls, when he spoke of loud swishes, louder cane-on-knicker-seat smacks, and even louder repentant howls from bottom-whipped "hooliganesses", Norris was simply reminding his audience of the sounds they themselves had heard issuing from the no-longer-barricaded dormitory earlier that day after he and Miss Langley had effected an entrance.

By this stage, presumably, the Inspector had begun to raise on the upper cheeks of even the more brazen and "insensitive" young women present some semblance of the far more vivid blushing he was threatening to have the Superintendent produce on that other "pair" normally veiled by their nineteen- twentyish "Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" regulation drawers. But caning in the knickers, he went on to explain, was only the half of "the extent to which corporal punishment could be carried out". If Exhibit No. 1 in the lecture had been that so supple-looking Home Office cane, and Exhibit No. 2 the sight of young Dora's fifth-form buttocks looking as if she had spent hours sitting in the nude in a cane-

bottomed chair, Exhibit No. 3 was – the tawse! Not the sort of two- or three-tailed Lochgelly nowadays familiar to Scottish lads and lasses, but a six-tailed specimen specially designed for "skelping" really naughty big girls of the sort only to be found in reformatories. Warming to his theme, no doubt, Norris would have graphically emphasised that the tawse was for *bare* seats. And how they must have jumped, and blushed to the very roots of their hair, when the Inspector slapped the leather tails flatly and noisily down on the table beside him, inviting them to imagine what *that* would be like on a pair of bare teenage bottomcheeks!

Sixty years ago, of course, nobody – not even a medical practitioner accustomed to be blunt even when describing the female anatomy! – would have dreamt of addressing a well-bred schoolgirl audience in such unvarnished terms. Gently-bred young ladies, if caned at all, "held out their hands"; and if, in exceptionally bad cases in particularly strict boarding schools, worse occurred, matron or a housemistress would use only the most guarded language to the assembled school; the merest hint that "Tickle Toby" might have to "give some of you gels a little talking to", or a reference to finding a little "cane furniture for an unfurnished sitting room", would suffice to set every last pair of buttocks twitching apprehensively and every other pair of cheeks flaming furiously as the delicately-nurtured strove to avoid each others' eyes! But Norris was faced, at Kenilworth, not with a bunch of "bread-and-butter misses" but with an out-of-hand rioting rabble of some of the naughtiest young women the entire country could provide. And he picked his words accordingly, no doubt, in the humane hope that by impressing their minds with the threat of rattan and leather he would be able to avoid the necessity of impressing more tangible stigmata on any pair of buttocks except those of the ringleader Dora.

But the extent of the authorities' difficulty was vividly revealed when Norris, re-visiting the school only a few days later, was informed (in his words, and with his gloss) that

"In the meantime, the youngest girl in the school (Ethel Milton), evidently a ringleader... and who had been absolutely defiant for some days, had behaved very

badly, had refused to work *and had used very foul language to the staff*. The Superintendent thereon had given her severe corporal punishment – perhaps rather too severe though justified under the special circumstances."

"Perhaps rather too severe", indeed! Norris vouchsafes no further details, but his junior colleague, Miss Wall, is rather more specific, and we learn from her separate report in the same file that when *she* visited Kenilworth on 29 May,

"Miss Langley.... spoke of Ethel Milton, 13.5/12, who had had 12 strokes of the tawse on the seat,"

thus confirming the exceedingly graphic account already provided by my own correspondent, for whom even the passage of nearly sixty years had not clouded the minutest detail of the spectacle which this delinquent had presented once she had been stripped to her knickers and vest before the assembled school and the former garment had been peeled mid-way down spraddled thighs, with Miss "Very Foul Language" backside-upwards over the low padded-leather vaulting horse specially fetched for the purpose from the gym! The only element which my informant disputed in Miss Wall's account was the statement of Ethel's age, which apparently reflects the common stratagem whereby girls of that class in those days "advanced" their date of birth in the hope of advancing the date of their release from reformatory confinement. "Not a day under sixteen, and a great strapping wench at that," was the apt description I received, for Miss Langley, at least, evidently found her "a great strapping wench" indeed! What the "six-tailer" lacked in terms of the swishiness of the rattan previously used on Dora was evidently made up for by the noisy smach as the flat tawse-fingers were slapped down fantail across the broadened hips of the bare-bottomed youngster. For the all-agog audience, evidently, the indecency of the culprit's "very foul language to the staff" was fittingly matched by the indecency of the punishment posture; and every intimate detail of Dr. Norris's "whipping lecture" was now vividly exemplified in repentant howls counterpointing the slap of naked leather on bare tomboy buttocks, and in the sight of tawse-tails



hungrily clinging to frantically-tossing scarlet bottomcheeks atop the "pommel" of the gymnasium whipping horse.

Contrary to the suggestion conveyed in your earlier article, therefore, no unprincipled or abandoned "wholesale bare-bottomed caning of an unspecified number of teenage girls" can be said to have occurred at Kenilworth. Rather, a precisely-calculated surgical operation – or rather, two such: Dora's seat-of-the knickers caning and Ethel's knickers-down strapping – combined with the psychological impact of Norris's unveiled "whipping lecture" threats; the whole being calculated to impress "insensitive" female hooligans unlikely to be influenced by gentler means.

Your earlier commentator also posits an "absence of any physiological excuse for bottom-caning" at Kenilworth, and says that "none was presented" in the papers now officially preserved. To a degree this is true. At the school itself, judging from the file, the "hands versus bottoms" argument went on for some time between the Lady Inspector, Miss Wall – who favoured tingling palms – and the Superintendent, Miss Langley – who had a decidedly robust preference for well-toasted bottomcheeks. The Superintendent's preference, certainly, seems to have had a psychological basis. Pressed by Miss Wall

"to consider whether, now that the school was in better order, she would be able to administer corporal punishment on the hands instead of on the seat, (Miss Langley) demurred about this and said the girls had been told they would get it on the seat and she did not think they would pay attention to any milder form of corporal punishment."

It was Dr. Norris himself, of course, who had so explicitly "told the girls they would get it on the seat", in the course of the memorable "whipping-on-the-bottom" lecture he had read them a few days earlier. But Miss Langley's reference to "any milder form of corporal punishment" surely also at least *implies* a "physiological excuse" for selecting posteriors and not palms as targets. It is a time-honoured truism that the buttocks are the only *really safe* portion of the male or female anatomy for *really severe* disciplinary attention; and your commentator, in his perusal of the file, seems to have

overlooked the fact that the foul-mouthed Ethel had indeed received just such a thrashing. Not a mere "sixer", as your article suggested, but a real old-fashioned, no-nonsense "12 of the best" – of the *very* best, at that. Miss Langley, make no mistake, evidently stoked up a real Guy Fawkes bonfire on that naughty young woman's rudely-presented big bare bottomcheeks! Could proffered palms have absorbed, safely, anything like the amount of punishment the Superintendent was evidently determined to inflict on Ethel both as a deterrent to her and as an example to the others? Could such an "absolutely defiant" female hooligan, adopting Norris's phraseology, even have been trusted to keep her palms thus proffered even for six of the best, let alone a round dozen? Surely not. If this analysis is correct, then physiological as well as psychological considerations spared our young culprit's ungloved palms at the expense of her unpantied posterior!

If confirmation were needed both of the sheer severity of Ethel's strapping *and* of the incorrigibility of the teenager herself, it is provided by Miss Wall herself in describing an intriguing sequel to that round (and round-bottomed) dozen with the tawse:-

"... a few days after this Ethel started bouncing a ball in the passage and knocking it against the office door on purpose. She (i.e. Miss Langley) *did not feel Ethel had sufficiently recovered from corporal punishment on the seat for her to administer another whipping*, so she said she was to have one tablespoonful of castor oil. This she refused, so she was given two, which she took."

If the youngster's buttocks were in no state for a further spot of "tickle-tail", even in the shape of a seat-of-the-knickers caning, several days after that first strapping, what a Study in Scarlet she must have presented by the time she had scrambled off the Superintendent's impromptu whipping horse! Small wonder, perhaps, that Miss Langley saw little point, after such an epic demonstration, in dealing out tingling palms. Those two tablespoonfuls of castor oil were a cunning and effective substitute, for their inevitable after-effects must have been calculated by Miss Langley with reference to the current condition of the delinquent's derriere – and the

cold hard loo-seat to which young Ethel may have been effectively chained for much of the rest of the day was doubtless the very last situation desired by a naughty girl with a very sore bottom!

Although the castor oil incurred, to coin a pun, the stern displeasure of the Lady Inspector, whose report describes how she

"asked Miss Langley to discontinue giving castor oil as a punishment and suggested that it should be given on the doctor's advice and on his prescription as to the size of the dose",

it seems to have remained very much a feature of the Kenilworth regime throughout Miss Langley's long reign, as, perhaps, did Dr. Norris's overseeing of disciplinary matters in general, frequently asking the telephone operator in his office to connect him immediately to Kenilworth so that he could urge on Miss Langley suitable "prescriptions" for the girls involved in reported misbehaviour. Such as a "sixer" on the knickers of any young madam caught misbehaving in future; and a publicly bare-bottomed "12 strokes of the tawse on the seat" for any naughty girl who could be identified as a 'ring-leader', and who should imperatively be sought out and thus "dosed" with the very barest minimum of delay!

*The article 'Training Ship Viceroy' in Blushes No. 2 prompted a number of letters from readers. One of particular interest was from a gentleman who included a letter from his wife. Excerpts from it (it was a lengthy letter) are printed below.*

"On arrival we assembled in the square, a motley looking group of 16 year old youngsters, 150 boys and 50 girls formed up in three ranks in front of the huge rigged mast which was manned on special parade days. We were divided into five watches of 40 each watch (30 boys, 10 girls). Each watch was allocated a mess deck (barrack room) except that the girls had a separate building. We were then sent to the quarter master to draw our kit and uniform, hammocks and bedding.

"After drawing our kit, we were allocated lockers in the mess deck



and told to dress in fatigue overalls, plus hats and parade in the assembly hall for an address by the Captain. We all looked strange in our new gear and sat in the hall, called to attention as the Captain arrived. He told us that the history and tradition of Neptune and its reputation for turning out fine naval recruits. He emphasised the importance of women and girls in the modern navy and that they could be subject to precisely the same tough training and discipline as the boys. That brought him to the subject of discipline and punishment. "We firmly believe in short, sharp severe punishment at Neptune" he said "and most offences are dealt with by corporal punishment, girls and boys alike."

"Each day began with reveille at 06.30 for PT at 06.45. This was on the square in fine weather and in the mess rooms if raining. For PT boys wore vests, navy blue shorts, ankle socks and plimsolls and the girls vests, navy blue knickers, ankle socks and plimsolls. The girls looked really sexy with their braless breasts thrusting through the thin cotton of their vests, usually with prominent nipples and navy blue knickers stretched tightly across their buttocks and crutch. After breakfast, we had a full parade in uniform at 08.00. Then we changed into fatigues for lessons and other instruction through the day.

"We had longer sessions of PT in the gym four times a week and the boys loved to be in such close proximity to the girls in their thin white cotton vests, breasts straining against the fabric as they bounced about. It was during our second PT lesson that I first saw a girl get the strap. One rather plump, large, well-built girl, was a bit slow at PT and was accused of being idle. The PTI threatened her with a dose of the strap if she didn't work harder at exercises. She didn't do very well and he made her lay across the top of the leather covered vaulting horse, her buttocks straining the tightly stretched navy blue cotton of her knickers. He slashed the strap down across the centre of the buttocks very hard and she yelled as the thick leather left a mark on the seat of her knickers. Six times he strapped her bottom, until she was yelling and in tears and he must have given her very severe weals because he hit her so hard. She was crying for the rest of the lesson. That evening we asked her to show us her bottom when she was getting undressed for bed. Her buttocks were covered in dark

purple-red broad weals from the strap, the tail marks clearly showing on her right buttock. She said they were still very sore to touch and hurt every time she sat down, as she walked we ran our fingers over her wealed buttocks which were hot, hard and swollen to the touch."

"One morning one of the instructors had some trouble from one of the boys and called him to the front. "Drop your trousers" she said. He hesitated then unbuttoned his bell bottom trousers and let them drop to his knees. As he bent across the desk his buttocks were only protected by the thin white cotton of his underpants. She slashed the leather tawse down with tremendous force across the centre of his buttocks and you could hear him gasp with pain. She gave him six hard strokes one of which strayed below the leg of his pants leaving a red tail mark at the top of his right thigh. He was yelling and crying by the fourth stroke and had a very red, swollen face as he pulled his trousers up. One of the other girls and I had been saying to each other how painful it must be each time the leather hit his bottom and something she said made me giggle. As he went back to his place the instructor called the other girl and me to the front. "You seem to have a lot to say and appear to think this is a joke" she said, "so you can both see for yourselves how you like the strap, pull up your skirt and bend over" she said to my friend Pat. Pat hitched her skirt up around her waist and bent across the desk, her bottom stretching her cotton knickers tight. The instructor raised the tawse over her head and brought it down very hard right across the centre of the seat of Pat's knickers. She yelled and gasped as the pain hit her. She received four hard strokes, each one leaving the marks of the leather tails of the two tailed tawse on the seat of her navy blue knickers. I was trembling with fear by this time, as I realised that in a moment my bottom would be receiving the same treatment from that strap. As Pat stood up, obviously in pain, the instructor motioned me towards the desk, my back to the class and told me to raise my skirt above my waist. I pulled it up. As I leaned forwards across the desk, my arms above my head and hanging over the far edge, my bottom seemed stretched tight and very vulnerable. I lay there, my heart pounding as the instructor stepped to my left side and raised the stout leather strap. The strap makes no noise, like a cane, as it

travels through the air, the first sound being the impact as it strikes with a very loud CRACK. A white hot burning fire started in a broad band across the centre of my buttocks and seemed to take my breath away and fill my whole body, lungs, stomach, with unbearable pain. I had had the cane at school and my mum and dad caned me and my brothers and sisters when we were naughty, but never had I felt pain like this. As I gasped in deep breaths, the pain slowly subsided, then came the second strike, higher up my bottom CRACK. Again that white hot all consuming pain and I found tears starting to roll from my cheeks. Just as it became bearable the third stroke but low down almost across the top of my thighs and I felt the tails cut into my right leg at the top – CRACK. I almost jumped up, so severe was the pain, but I lay there gasping for breath. The fourth and last stroke was again across the middle of my buttocks, just overlapping the first and I yelled as the leather belt caught by already sensitive flesh. As I lay there crying with pain and humiliation the instructor told me to get up and return to my seat. I stood up and pulled my skirt down over my hot bottom and returned to sit down on the hard wooden seat very gingerly. At the break, I went to the toilet and pulled down my knickers to feel my bottom with both hands. It was red hot and swollen with tender, ridged weals, each of which stood out clearly to my finger-tips.

"A week later one of the girls in our watch was in trouble and sent off to the Captain for the cane. That night as she undressed for bed she showed us her buttocks – they were an unbelievable mass of dark blue-black tramline weals and we could count all ten strokes which went from the top of her buttocks down to the upper part of her thighs.

"I suppose it was only a matter of time before each one of us felt the Captain's cane and some five weeks later I was in trouble and marched before the Captain. His dressing down was quite severe and frightening in itself, then he said "You know the consequences of being sent to me for misbehaviour. You will receive ten strokes of the cane across your bare buttocks". He needn't have reminded me that I would have to lower my knickers and bare my bottom for the cane and I was trembling with fear as we marched into a side room off his office. The punishment room was a bright, airy, white-painted bare



room with just a large padded vaulting horse like they used for gym, but lowered to just over table height. A rack on one wall had straps and canes hanging from it in a neat row, I counted six straps, all thick and heavy with two tails and about ten canes. Some more thicker than the others and all except three had carved handles, long, yellow and polished. The other three had ridges every two or three inches and were much darker in colour.

"The Master of Arms was with us and the Matron from the Sick Bay. The Captain told me to remove my fatigue trousers completely, lower my knickers to my knees and then bend over along the length of the padded horse. I fumbled with the belt and buttons at the waist of my trousers and pulled them down, stepping right out of them. I then stepped over to the end of the horse and grasping the elastic at the waist of my knickers, slid them down until they were in a bunch around my knees. I bent forward so that my head and body lay along the leather padded top of the horse.

"I was told to place my feet well apart... "Ten strokes, Master at Arms" said the Captain as the Master of Arms took one of the long, yellow canes and flexed it between his hands – it was the junior grade, not as thick as the senior cane, but still stout and some half inch thick. He stepped to my left hand side and I held my breath waiting for the first stroke. There was a whoosh as the cane whistled through the air and hit my buttocks right across the middle with considerable force. WHAM!! – it was like a white hot knife, the pain surged through my body as I gasped aloud with pain and the Captain called out "One". I was gasping aloud for breath as every nerve strained at the intense pain, then after about 30 seconds, just as it started to subside whoosh THWACK, "Two", as the second stroke landed higher up my bottom. I had never known pain as intense as this and I wriggled on the horse trying to bear the pain as it seared through my entire body, stomach, lungs everything seemed at bursting point. Then it began to be bearable and whoosh, THWACK "Three", the thick yellow rod bit into the marked flesh of my buttocks once more and I cried out with pain as it once again filled my whole world with pain, whoosh, THWACK, "Four", THWACK, "Five", THWACK, "Six" – they kept coming relentlessly, regardless of my yelling and crying, keeping

my body at a pinnacle of intense pain. The Master at Arms was an expert with that cane as he slashed it across the bare flesh of my bottom, working down towards my thighs. THWACK, "Seven", THWACK, "Eight", these two falling across the tender flesh at the top of my thighs and which made me writhe and buck, tears streaming down my face. "No more, please don't cane me anymore", I cried desperately.

"Whoosh – THWACK – "Nine", a strike aimed deliberately diagonally across the others from bottom left to top right, the tip biting into my right hip. The agony was intense as the rod cut across the other eight weals which were very sore already. Whoosh – THWACK – "Ten" was the hardest of all, across the other diagonal, the tip biting into the top of my right thigh with excruciating pain. I yelled and cried, collapsing in a sobbing heap, as I realised no more strokes would cut my reddened, swollen buttocks. As I lay there crying for some time, and then I was told to stand up and get dressed. I must have been a sorry sight standing there at the end of the horse, my knickers round my knees and my buttocks criss-crossed with swollen, purple weals. I pulled my navy blue knickers up gingerly over my swollen buttocks, the leg elastic hurting the weals at the top of my legs and the tight knickers seemed to intensify the heat and pain in my bottom.

#### **Pinner Middlesex**

Dear Editors,  
I am the daughter of a senior-forester and I grew up in my father's forester's house, together with my two sisters. Our mother died when I was twelve and when our father did not find another wife and mother who would take care of three very lively girls and would live rather lonely with quite some way to the next town, he decided to bring us up himself, with the help of only a daily woman from the nearby small village.

Not a simple task for a man, you may say – and you would be quite right. But our father was an old-fashioned man and an imminent practical man, and since he had always several dogs, hunting dogs, he decided simply to follow the proverb which says, 'A woman, a dog and a walnut tree, the more you beat them, the better they be'. You

need only replace women with girls – and there you are!

Entering our house in the following years, you would observe without much difficulty a strap, a formidable cane and a small dog-whip hanging in our wardrobe. Or passing our house in the evening for a stroll into the fire, you might hear very strange or, perhaps very familiar sounds emanating from it, sounds very much like crying and screaming – and this for quite a while, if you chose to linger a bit; a trued indication this was, that one of us "got it again".

"Us", that were my sisters Inge and Sophie and me, Eleonore. We were the terror of the small village sometimes and since I was the eldest (the other two were one and two years younger) I was mostly the driving element in our raids. We could pretty well cope with the village boys – our combined force of unfair biting, scratching etc. put them often enough to flight. But more often than not, we had to pay afterwards for our practical jokes, to pay in Daddy's office and to pay very hard.

Dad was fully aware that he could keep his daughters in line only if he was very strict – and so he acted.

How often we had to fetch "the Instruments" from the wardrobe and visit his office, I can't recall, but there have been times, when not one week passed without one of us entering his office for disciplinary purposes, strap, cane and dog-whip in hand.

The procedure was always the same for these occasions. After entering all three Dad's office (two of us were always witnesses of the third's punishment) we had to undress completely, place an upholstered bench in the middle of the room and lay back on it with our legs up and firmly locked with knees together in our hands; I have heard this position being called "Internat-Position", for what reason I don't know.

Then, after some time a lecture would follow before Daddy fetched the strap and "set to work". This "working" developed into a very thoroughly strapping of our naked bottoms and thighs, which he went through very leisurely, changing from one side of us to the other every few strokes and covering thus every inch of our not so small hindquarters.

That finished, he would "let this sink in a little" before he took the cane and started to lay it on also from both sides, slowly, delib-



erately slowly – and extremely painful. Not that that strap didn't hurt – it did quite nice although we were absolutely not soft – but the cane was an altogether other matter. The nearly ninety centimeter of it had its own quality on our already strapped flesh. Which could be learned also quite easy from the outside by the wall-penetrating quality of our howls and yells.

Daddy never said beforehand how many strokes one was going to receive. One could only follow his movements through the flood of tears and guess from the degree of content which his face showed, when he surveyed the area of his attention from time to time. Content by what we did present to him, he would retire behind his desk – still discontent, he would slowly add a few more strokes with his terrible cane – rather unimpressed by all our tears and pain, our howls and yells under his cane.

When at last finished with the cane, another pause followed with another lecture and then – yes, if you were lucky or hadn't too much on your account, you had to rise and move into the corner for one hour with your hands on your head. But if you had bad luck or much to account for, then Dad would fetch his small dog-whip, you would spread your legs, but still up and clasped in your hands and Dad would whip your inner thighs, slowly, very slowly, until he was content at last with the whole punishment for you. "Inner thighs" that included also the region of our bottoms where the cane-weals were interrupted, i.e. our cleft and if you had been particularly naughty, it would also include your pussy.

And an occasional observer out-

side would again notice the new and even more piercing quality of our screams and attribute it to a very severe discipline.

To let go of our legs would result in the repetition of the last stroke; leaving the bench without outspoken permission would result in a complete restart of the punishment, regardless to what point it had already proceeded. And of course we had long learned to keep our position.

With this discipline we became fifteen, seventeen and nineteen, and in my case even twenty-two before these punishments stopped. I can recall very well several times in Dad's office after my twenty-first birthday, with my fiancée – a junior-forester then and now my father's successor in his office – with him following the proceedings without the slightest intention to interfere with Dad's doings. And when I just said "Dad's successor in his office" than that is true in more than one sense of the word. He succeeded Dad – who is retired now, but living with us – not only in the official use of his office, as new senior forester of the district, but also in the more educational tasks.

What that means? Simply that I never managed in all the bygone years to stay away from that office and from that bench in it for a long time and I am fully aware, that I am not the last female member of our family to lay back on that bench, legs up and waiting with a lot of fear for her punishment – and I think our two girls are also aware of it.

So you see that proverbs are usually right and long-lived.

**Eleonore Striemen  
Hoffnungsthal.**



Dear Sirs,

Firstly let me congratulate you on a first class C.P. Magazine "Blushes". From its first issue I have been impressed by the format, layout, quality of the printing and attractiveness of your models. I would perhaps like to see a little more colour and a few more tramlines on their cheeks, but then you cannot please everyone all of the time. Best wishes for the future and I am sure you will go from strength to strength.

I notice you are requesting gentlemen who know how to use a cane to contact you. To this end I enclose a photo from my collection which I think speaks for itself. This particular young lady has felt my hand, strap, paddle, a slipper, but her favourite is the cane, although she cries copiously during the whole performance.

I have considerable experience in dealing with female bottoms from 16 upwards and have an extensive collection of photo's and tape recordings of these sessions and indeed one video somewhat poor in quality.

You are assured of my assistance should it be needed.

**K.V.F.  
Essex**



*Sorry, but she's so nice we couldn't resist printing it!*

Dear Editor,

Although it is not my usual practice to write to magazines – or to film TV, or sports stars – or even Superstars – I felt I should make the effort in the case of BLUSHES, No. 3.

This rush of enthusiasm is promoted by the series of photographs on pages 21 to 27, under the heading, Booked. The young lady most certainly is! In some very humiliating and quite embarrassing positions, calling for no effort beyond her own



(no doubt reluctant) to maintain. I like the way these get worse (or better, to my mind). The real classic being on page 25, of course, though perhaps the small inset photos have lost something by being cropped too closely? One query: Why B & W?

That candle is cheating in the worst possible way! But what a superb way to ensure she remains subdued, and gives her full co-operation to the job of work in hand. She certainly won't give too much trouble, or even do too much jumping and jerking about.

The books are almost as good, of course, as a method of anchoring her fairly securely, prior to spanking and possibly caning hell out of the very attractive bum she is displaying so provocatively. The candle-classic arranges her ideally almost, for the final conclusion, later, if necessary.

The photo sequence on Pages 30 to 35 is also very good – natural and quite believable, but without being too obvious. I appreciate this subtle change from the usual magazine photos. Also your model is exactly right. My compliments to her, and to all concerned.

Some thought on this point: (subdued co-operation) by some simple, handy means, easily available, yet quite believable, leads me to suggest that this should be followed up in subsequent issues. Hopefully, you will agree and *will* follow up on this theme? Possibly using books and candle in several obvious combinations (and some perhaps not quite so obvious) that leap to mind after a few minutes thought.

The humiliation and embarrassment of the subject is part of any spanking, or caning, to my mind. I can't think of many more annoying, helpless positions and predicaments for a girl to be in – and very provocative, too! Especially the hands-between-the-knees on pages 30, 31, and 32.

Final comment: I'm now looking forward to much more BLUSHES, whether you respond to the above observations or not.

**A. H-B. Lancs.**

Dear Sirs

I felt that I must write to congratulate your editorial team on the first two issues of 'Blushes'. Periodicals on 'specialist' subjects can vary very much in content and quality from one number to the next, but the indications are that 'Blushes' coincides exactly with my own

tastes and is put together with such care and affection that you can hardly go wrong. And any magazine that can cut its price after the first issue is bound to build up a loyal following.

As other letter-writers have hinted, the key to your supremacy is in the depiction of genuine punishment and not love-play. While I respect the wishes of other readers, there really are plenty of 'soft' spanking magazines around these days, but until 'Blushes' a distinct shortage of publications dealing with the succulent pleasures of severe discipline.

What a joy it is to see young models who really look like today's schoolgirls and who have nice plump bottoms. The slightly chubby teenage girl is the type which inspires lecherous intentions in the disciplinarian – long may such girls suffer the consequences. No big-bummed girl enjoys attention being paid to her most vulgar feature and at the age when her self-awareness is at a peak, much fun can be had at her expense.

The stories in 'Blushes' show a keen appreciation of the way in which the successive stages of a young girl's subjugation should be savoured. In an excellent letter, M.B. of Worcester advises that 'Twelve good strokes should be regarded as the minimum necessary to teach the lesson of obedience to a big, healthy girl' and he goes on to recommend eighteen strokes and more. However, such measures, though essential, are only half the story. It is the delicious process of humiliating a tender girl which completes the lesson of obedience. D.E. of Edmonton writes with warmth of the transformation of a 'saucy young imp' to a 'weeping, demoralised girl'. Such a transformation can be achieved by an unrelenting build-up of pain and shame, but you need generous measures of *both* ingredients.

One man who seems to have got the blend about right is D.M. Norwich. His long letter and the beautiful photographs of his tame teenage typist constitute one of the most heart-warming documents I have seen in years. I am filled with admiration for Mr. D.M., whose cool nerve enabled him to work what was a vaguely promising situation into a magnificent exploitation of a seventeen-year-old's vulnerability. Although D.M. admits to having to overcome slight inhibitions about hurting her bum he clearly had no qualms about humiliating the girl – and sending

in the pictures of her for publication is the *coup de grace*.

D.M. hopes that the pictures will be appreciated by readers, and I can assure him that they most certainly are! Carol – yes, you let the pseudonym slip just once, D.M. – Carol certainly has an interesting bottom. You speak of your 'lewd pleasure' at exposing it to the gaze of thousands so I imagine you will welcome a few comments about a teenage bottom that was, until the advent of Blushes 2, quite decently known only to Carol, yourself, and perhaps a boyfriend or two. Not even the boyfriends would have had the opportunity to study it at such leisure, or see it so meekly presented, or gloat over the satisfyingly sore-looking marks of strap, palm and cane upon it; now the sweet young thing is laid bare before the very men who most appreciate teenage bottoms, especially thrashed ones, and who rejoice in the distress of their owners.

I think Carol looks nicest in the top photo on page 59, where her chaste young rump is mocked by the glowering strap-marks and her face is highly coloured with sobbing. The faint marks on her bottom visible at the top of page 60 are no doubt caused by her silly habit of wearing tights inside her knickers. The lower picture on page 61 gives us the most intimate acquaintance with Carol's blazing buttocks.

All in all, it seems a splendid example of the right girl falling into the right hands at the right time. D.M. tells us that Carol was a shy girl, and his letter and photographs prove his determination to 'exploit her emotions shamelessly'. Thank you for sharing her with us D.M., and three cheers for your stirring example to us all.

I hope that D.M. has enjoyed seeing Carol and her story in print, and that my letter will add to his enjoyment. I also hope that other readers will be encouraged to send in photos of girls whom they know to have been, or still to be, subject to corporal punishment. They needn't be as explicit as D.M.'s. – just to gaze on the face of a teenage girl in the sure knowledge that she has squirmed and blubbered under the strap is a great joy.

Thank you once again, 'Blushes', for your true championship of discipline for teenage girls. Keep the right blend of true case histories and provocative fantasy and we will support you for years to come.

**P.R.  
Huntingdon**





**CHRISTINE:** a wealthy 'friend of the family' has his eye on Christine, but first she'll have to be 'educated' - Christine's blameless young bottom starts learning right here and now, and this is just the beginning!



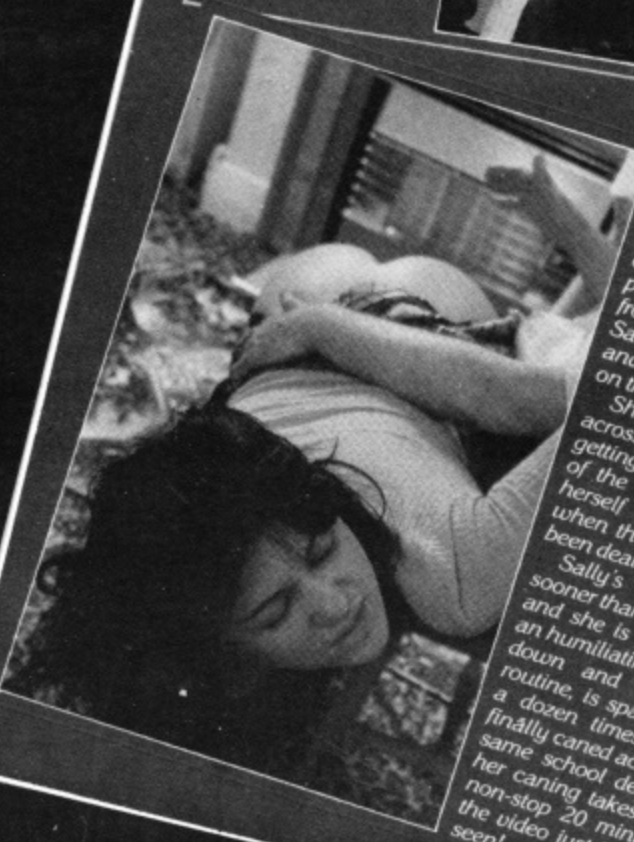
**JASMINE:** packed off for a week's disciplinary training by a father who is tired of having his student daughter under his feet when he's trying to seduce the new housemaid, Jasmine has been through it all before, but it doesn't make spankings hurt any less!



**ROSALIND:** a girl who thought she'd come home from her expensive boarding school to a break from canings and knickers-down slippings. Unfortunately her school report preceded her and she's back at Mr Fordyce's for the second time in three terms - still having to take her knickers down!

**Mr FORDYCE,** the experienced disciplinarian, **FREDDIE,** who pops round to 'keep his hand in', **BARNES,** the handyman, butler and general pincher of bare bottoms, **ERIC,** the voyeur who doesn't mind helping out with reluctant young ladies.

...doesn't see through her tears. But we see plenty of her well-punished bottom as she squirms out her penance across her desk in the tutor's schoolroom - and doesn't that cane make her squirm!



**SALLY:** Disconcerted on her arrival at her new premises to hear sounds of weeping and verbal protestation coming from the schoolroom, Sally tip-toes upstairs and knocks nervously on the door. She finds Angela bent across a school desk, getting more than a taste of the very thing Sally herself will be in for when the other girl has been dealt with. Sally's turn comes sooner than she'd hoped and she is put through an humiliating 'knickers down and up again' routine, is spanked half a dozen times, and is finally caned across that same school desk, and her caning takes a full, non-stop 20 minutes - seen!



## HALF-TERM PUNISHMENTS



VIDEO A

## A 'BLUSHES' VIDEO PRODUCTION

### SALLY'S FIRST LESSON

A full and tearful hour of schoolroom discipline!



### SALLY'S FIRST LESSON

SALLY'S FIRST LESSON



### A BLUSHES VIDEO

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JACKPOT A THIRD TIME!

BUY 'BLUSHES' NUMBER 5 AND SEE!



ANGELA Too busy crying to really notice, Angela doesn't see much of the new arrival through her tears. But we see plenty of her well punished bottom as she squirms out her penance across her desk in the tutor's schoolroom – and doesn't that cane make her squirm!



## SALLY'S FIRST LESSON

Two of 'BLUSHES' nicest, prettiest girls (see them in issues 2 and 3) have been persuaded that 'Blushes' readers would love to see them on video, actually getting their spankings and canings, now that their appetites have been sharpened by glimpses of them in the magazine. They got a bit of a shock – those canes, and their tears, are very, very real!

SALLY: Disconcerted on her arrival at her new tutor's High Street premises to hear sounds of weeping and verbal protestation coming from the schoolroom. Sally tip-toes upstairs and knocks nervously on the door.

She finds Angela bent across a school desk, getting more than a taste of the very thing Sally herself will be in for when the other girl has been dealt with.

Sally's turn comes sooner than she'd hoped and she is put through an humiliating 'knickers down and up again' routine, is spanked half a dozen times, and is finally caned across that same school desk, and her caning takes a full, non-stop 20 minutes – the video just has to be seen!



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## SALLY'S FIRST LESSON



## A BLUSHES VIDEO